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VOL. V NO. 226

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1950.

Price 20 Cents

Racing Tips

By "The Turf"

RACE 1
Happy Farmers
Miami Beauty
Fearless Winters
Outsider—Midnight Express

RACE 2
Hawwood
Dania
United Victory
Outsider—Thunderjet

RACE 3
Forward View
Hill Fontaine
Liberty Ship
Outsider—Stratocruiser

RACE 4
Egyptian Field
World Peace
Amant
Outsider—Seafire

RACE 5
Tresurer
The Tigers
Ringer
Outsider—Constant Star

RACE 6
Panda
Ben Wyke
Bachful Beauty
Outsider—High Speed

RACE 7
Liberty Diamond
Ballerina
Wonderful Marc
Outsider—Stirling Castle

RACE 8
Robin Hood
Prestwood
Corrib
Outsider—Home Builder

RACE 9
Battlefield
Flying Jib
Stratocruiser
Outsider—Hopper

RACE 10
Chief Pilot
Bambi
Googirl
Outsider—Debutante

JETS TRY FOR RECORD

Washington, Sept. 22. Two American Thunderjet fighters took off from Manston, Southeast England, today in a second attempt to fly about 3,500 miles non-stop to New York, Air Force headquarters announced.

He said that the two single-engine planes refueled over Prestwick, Scotland, and hoped to reach New York within eight hours.

The flight, if successful, would be the first non-stop jet plane crossing of the Atlantic, the longest single-engine jet flight and the fastest London-New York trip ever made.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

The Big Three's Decisions

THE most valuable results of the crucial meetings of the Big Three Foreign Ministers are to be regarded as more concerned than revealed in the final communiqués. Enough is, however, disclosed to endorse the claim that the main object was to find a means of preventing war and a formula for peace. The state of war with Germany is to be ended, the Occupation Statute will be completely revised in favour of the Adenauer Government, clear warning has been given that an attack on Western Germany will be treated as an attack on the Big Three, and while no independent army will be permitted the Teutons, the unexpected hurry call to the British and French Defence Ministers has as its primary purpose the creation of an integrated North Atlantic defence force—Mr Churchill's European Army—and the incorporation of German contingents. Bearing in mind Britain's intention of building up her Occupation forces to three fully-manned divisions and the announcement of the despatch of substantial reinforcements from the United States, the advance is striking. These steps, adding manpower to the billions of dollars poured into Europe's economic and military restoration, should go far to overcome the fears and hesitations which have tended to hamper the West's own rearmament. They proclaim, indeed, that despite their heavy commitments in Korea, Malaya and Indo-China, the Big Three regard Western Europe as their main concern, and the border zone between East and Western Germany as the first line of defence. It should stimulate the other participants in the North Atlantic Council to activity in their

own behalf and thus strengthen the defensive barriers behind which Western Europe can build up its resources and increase its security. The principal aim of all the enormous military expenditures contemplated by the United States, Britain and France is, of course, the maintenance of peace. What threat exists comes from behind the Iron Curtain; the rearmament of Western Europe threatens none. Cumulative experiences over the last three years, particularly the cynical Soviet aggression through North Korean stooges, has convinced the democratic world that peace cannot be maintained by weakness, but only by strength. This calls for the earliest possible creation of the integrated European Army and lends high importance to the Marshall-Shinwell-Mohr consultations in New York. Britain's plan to dispatch additional troops to Germany and to add two new divisions to the Army in the British Isles when difficulty was experienced in marshalling infantry and Commandos for reinforcing the United Nations contingents in Korea might seem a little odd except for the expectation that the generous increase of pay will speed recruitment, and the knowledge that the increase of six months in the training of conscripts will make 70,000 men available. Like that of the United States, the British defence programme is intended as an example to partners in the Atlantic Pact. The Big Three will help to the utmost of their capacity those who are prepared to help themselves. That calls for effort and sacrifice—to prohibit a more disastrous sacrifice, loss of the liberty of the subject.

Hongkong Troops Capture Town Of Kumpyongdong

SMASH STIFF RESISTANCE

With The British Brigade In Korea, Sept. 23.
British troops—men of the Middlesex Regiment and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—pushed west from their bridgehead over the Nakdong River last night and captured the town of Kumpyongdong.

Supported by American infantry and light tanks, they entered the town after overcoming stiff resistance.

The British beachhead on the Nakdong is eight miles south of Waegwan.

Reinforcements for the British forces advancing from the Nakdong line are being flown to the battle area in a steady stream from Tokyo, according to an Air Ministry announcement in London today.

The Ministry said that the reinforcements were flying in Hastings troop carriers.

Nearly 70 troops were landed at an American Air Force transport base in Korea yesterday and more troops would follow until the first phase of the airlift was over.

The British troops in the Nakdong area were last reported advancing to Kunchon with the American 24th Division.

CASUALTIES

The war Office's second list of casualties in Korea today listed two men killed, seven wounded and one missing between September 16 and 22.

All casualties, except one wounded man of the Middlesex Regiment, were members of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.—Reuter.

ROK OFFENSIVE

On the Northern Front, September 23. The South Korean troops jumped off at dawn today in the second day of a major offensive which they hope will carry them to the 38th parallel.

Initial advances yesterday ranged from three to 10 miles, and the South Koreans hoped for better than these marks today. However, there were indications that the Communist forces, in at least a few places, planned to fight delaying actions.

On the east coast, Third Division troops, which finally halted yesterday half way between Hunsan and Chongha, 13 miles north of Pohang, discovered that the North had prepared hastily a defence line along a ridge immediately north of them, about three miles south of Chongha.

These Red tanks, which apparently had been bypassed by the South Korean battalion, were discovered 500 yards behind the ROK line last night, but they clung to their positions and sent to destroy them.

The South Koreans, who have run in panic at the sight of red tanks in the past, went looking for them this morning. They believed that they had the tanks bottled up two miles south of Chongha, where a blown bridge prevented the tanks from moving northward.

TANKS NEAR KICYE

The South Korean Seventh Division reported that patrols had seen tanks or self-propelled guns northeast of Kicye. Spotter planes searched for them this morning.

The Third Division captured 50 prisoners in the Hungnam area on Friday. One said he had seen 15 Russian advisers in Kicye late in August, shortly before the Reds made their unsuccessful all-out September offensive.

The Third Division's objective was Yongdok, coastal anchor of the main North Korean supply line from Seoul through Andong.

The Capital Division, which met the Kicye on Friday, attacked northward today in a drive which they hoped would move fast enough to permit an envelopment of the Red forces trying to flee on either flank.—United Press.

Sherlock Failed To Make Case

Arundel, Sussex, Sept. 22.

Magistrates here today decided that a real-life Sherlock Holmes had failed to make out a good enough case to send Thomas Stillwell, a labourer, to trial for a two-year-old murder.

Private detective Tom Jones kept probing the strangling of a librarian, Joan Woodhouse, 28, in a wood here after official police had dropped the case. Jones's father, who hired Jack to hunt his daughter's killer, had Stillwell arrested on a private warrant—the second in British law history that such a thing has happened in a murder case.

Five magistrates, including two women, and listened all week to the evidence of 35 witnesses in a 17th century courtroom here.

Through the windows they could see the turrets of historic Arundel Castle, seat of the Duke of Norfolk, in whose shadow Joan was raped and then strangled.

Spectators in the crowded courtroom stood clapping and cheering as the chairman of the magistrates discharged Stillwell, saying that he and his colleagues were unanimous that there was not enough evidence to justify a trial.—Reuter.

BERLIN DISPUTE UNSOLVED

Berlin, Sept. 22.

British and Soviet troops still stared at one another across three yards of No Man's Land at the Western entrance to Berlin tonight after negotiations had failed to solve the dispute over a zone barrier moved by Soviet troops late on Tuesday 150 yards inside British territory.

While British experts studied the terms of a Russian "no" to a British protest, British Army officers tried on-the-spot talks tonight, but without success.

Soviet sector "People's" police tonight escorted 23 captive West Berlin policemen to the sector boundary so they could return home, ending a "police war" which excited the people in both halves of the city three days.

HANDLED OVER

On the British side of the boundary, near the Brandenburg Gate, West Berlin police representatives were waiting with six East German People's policemen who were then handed over to the Soviet sector police.

East and West sector police officials shook hands and solemnly counted the released policemen as they walked across the boundary in each direction, cheerfully waving at each other. Relatives of West Berlin policemen joyfully climbed on West police lorries to accompany their sons and fathers home.—Reuter.

At Braemar Games



The King and Queen with Princess Margaret in happy mood as they stand in the royal pavilion to watch the Braemar Games held in the Princess Royal Park, Braemar, Scotland. Over 30,000 people gave them a tremendous reception. (Central Press).

Dr. Ralph Bunche Awarded Nobel Peace Prize

Oslo, Sept. 22.

Dr. Ralph Bunche, who was acting United Nations Mediator in Palestine after the assassination of Count Folke Bernadotte, was today awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Dr. Bunche was the first Negro ever awarded the Peace Prize. Grandson of an American slave, Dr. Bunche took over the job of Palestine Mediator after Count Bernadotte of Sweden had been murdered in September 1948.

He negotiated three armistices between the Jews and the Arabs and won universal acclaim for his efforts in securing peace in the Holy Land.

He returned to the United States in April 1949 to resume his post as a Director of the United Nations Trusteeship Commission, from which he had been an assistant to Count Bernadotte until the Swedish Red Cross chief's assassination.

Dr. Bunche recently declared he thought that fighting in Palestine was over for good.

He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize by a special committee selected by the Norwegian Parliament, the Storting.

OFFER DECLINED

After the conclusion of his mission in Palestine, President Truman offered Dr. Bunche an appointment as Assistant Secretary of State. This would have given Dr. Bunche, at the age of 44, one of the highest American Government posts ever attained by a Negro. This offer was turned down by Bunche.

Dr. Bunche started life, in his own words, "on the wrong side of the tracks." As a boy he fathered beads in his father's Detroit barber shop.

He won a scholarship to the University of California and later went on to Harvard University with another scholarship and took his Master's Degree.

He travelled widely in Africa, gathering material on subject peoples—still his favourite subject—and returned to Harvard to write a thesis on the development of backward areas, which won him his Doctor's Degree and a prize for the best thesis of the year.

THREE CHILDREN

He also collaborated with the Swedish sociologist, Gunnar Myrdal, in preparing a book on American Negroes. This year's Nobel Peace Prize will be worth 154,303 Swedish kroners (about £5,900). Dr. Bunche, who has a wife and three children, He worked for the United States Office of Strategic Services during the war on native administration in North Africa and holds the Chair of Political Science at Harvard University.—Reuter.

Anti-Red Bill Vetoes By Truman

Washington, Sept. 22.

President Truman today vetoed the subversive Control Bill, directed against Communist organisations.

The House of Representatives passed the Bill this week on a 312 to 20 vote and the Senate by 51 to 37.

In both cases the margins were well beyond the two-thirds vote needed to override Presidential objections.

The Bill is designed to mark the severest attack yet on Communism through a forced registration of Communist organisations and their fronts.

It also provided in an emergency for camps for suspect subversive elements.

The President sent a long veto message to the House.

He called the Bill a measure which would "give aid and comfort to those who would destroy us."

Criticising the message part by part, Mr. Truman said that registration of the Communist (Continued on Page 10 Col. 6)

Concentration Of Sea Power

London, Sept. 22.

Fifty-two United States warships were in the Mediterranean area today—the largest concentration of American sea power assembled there since the second World War.

Admiral Richard Conolly, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval Forces in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, said that the force of 48 combatant vessels and six fleet auxiliaries included the 45,000-ton aircraft carriers Midway and Coral Sea, and the 17,500-ton cruisers Salem, Albany, Des Moines, and Colorado.—Reuter.

BAO DAI DENIES REPORTS OF HIS NON-RETURN

London, Sept. 23.

Emperor Bao Dai, head of the French supported Vietnam Republic, at present sojourning in Cannes, Southern France, today denied reports that he was not likely to return to Indo-China.

Bao Dai came to France at the head of his country's delegation to the inter-State conference between France and the three states of Indo-China—Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam—which began at Pau, Southwest France, on June 29.

The conference was designed to regulate the relations between France and the three autonomous states within the French Union and also inter-State relations like Customs and currency.

There have been persistent reports recently in Paris and elsewhere that in view of "disappointing results" of the conference, Bao Dai was unlikely to return to his country.

Bao Dai was, in particular, understood to be pressing for full control of Indo-China's foreign affairs, complete control of the national army and complete management of Vietnam's internal affairs including administration of foreign aid.

The French are said to feel strongly that the ultimate financial and military control must remain in their hands, while recognising the necessity of making concessions to Bao Dai to strengthen his hands and counter Vietnamese propaganda that he is a "French puppet."

Bao Dai denied these reports in the course of a special statement to Reuters, whose representative submitted a number of questions to him. He was asked if there was any basis for reports that he might not return to Indo-China. Bao Dai's reply was "I have never tried to find out what is the basis of these speculations, which are being indulged in,"—Reuter.

CHANGING SIDES

Reports reaching Saigon said an increasing number of the native population in the Vinh region, 160 miles south of Hanoi, were going over to the government side. The area previously had been considered a stronghold of the Communist movement of Ho Chi-minh.

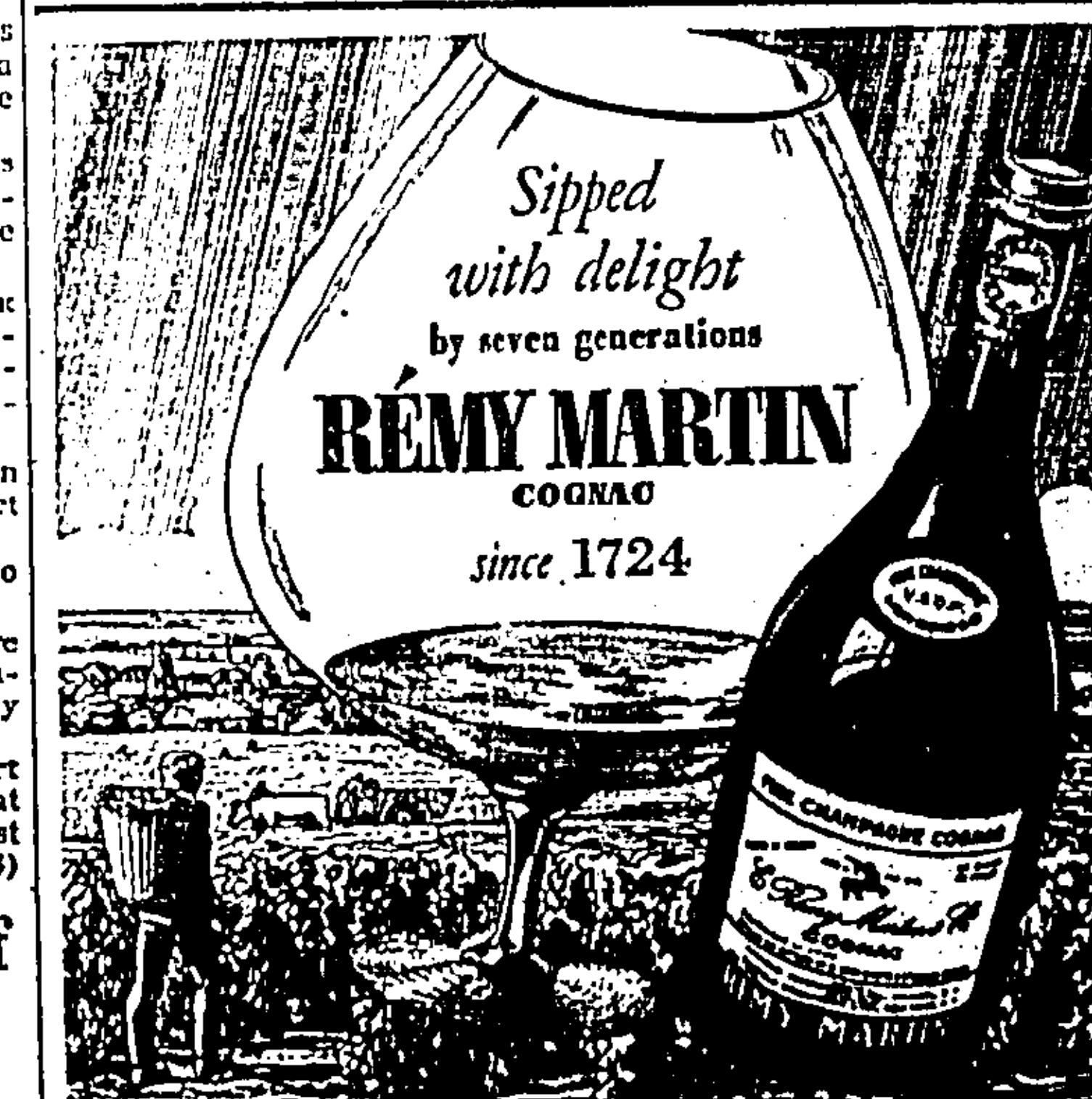
It was reported that 13 junk boats loaded with 120 former rebels arrived on Wednesday at a French-held village in the battle area and volunteered to fight with the French. Fugitives said 30 more junks were en route toward the French zone.

The French were moving into combat positions against scattered but stiff resistance.—United Press.

Countess Tatiana Tolstoy 'Dead'

Rome, Sept. 22.

Countess Tatiana Tolstoy, daughter of the famous Russian author, died last night of a heart ailment in a Roman clinic. She was 85.—Reuter.



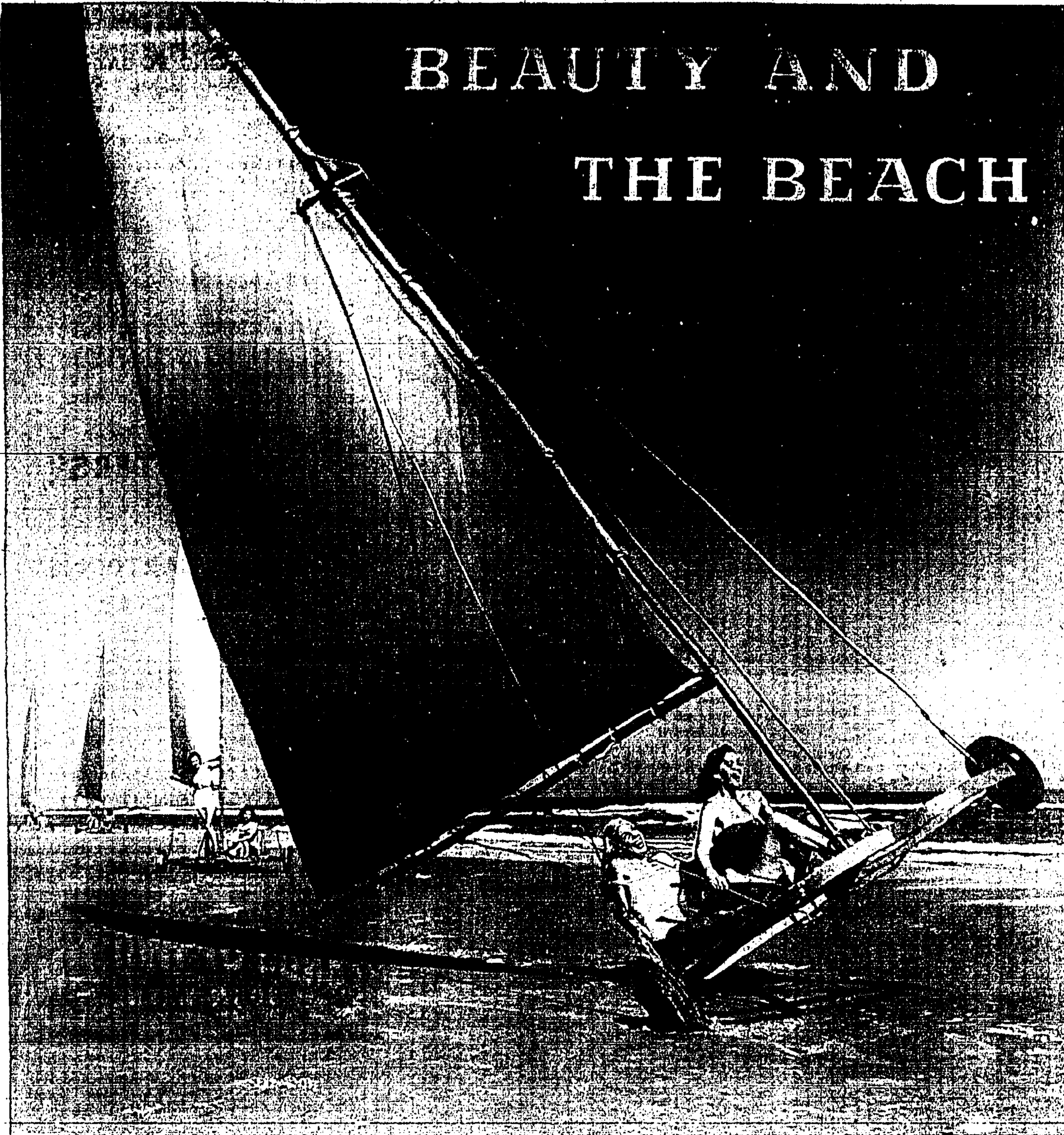
Sipped with delight
by seven generations

RÉMY MARTIN
COGNAC
since 1724

WE ARE HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT
WE HAVE BEEN APPOINTED SOLE AGENTS
IN HONG KONG AND SOUTH CHINA
FOR THIS WORLD FAMOUS COGNAC.

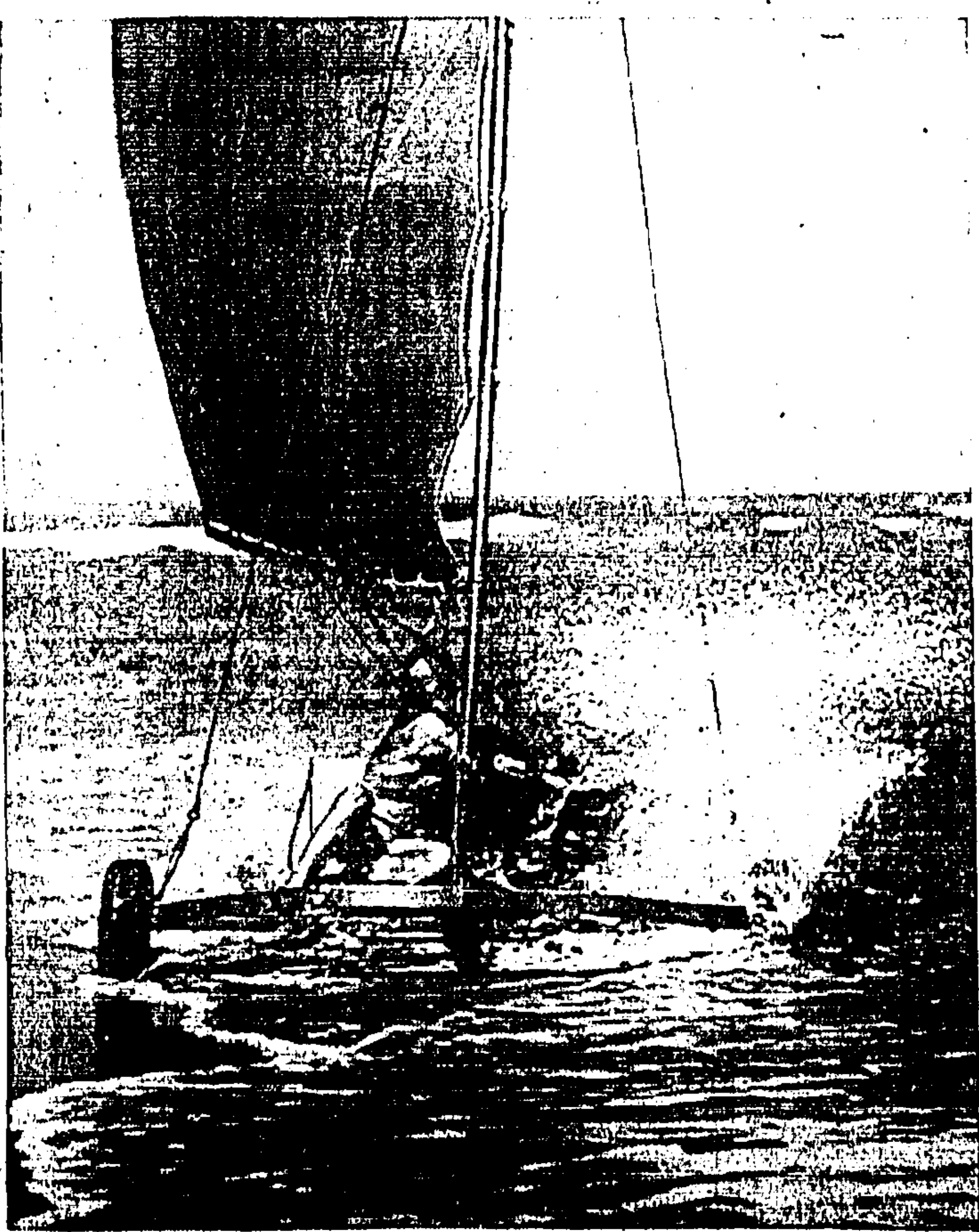
A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE



It doesn't look like squall weather on the sun-drenched beach, but Carlo Gayton and Vesta Graham hang on tightly as shift of wind tips their leading sand sailor precariously.

Ending themselves becalmed, three lovelies settle back for sunburn.



TILLER-HAPPY Vesta went out solo sailing and tried to show off with a few fancy turns. Her voyage ended as expected, with Vesta fighting to get "galleon" out of water.

"THEY THAT go down to the sea in ships," is from a psalm that might now be amended to read: "stop at the water's edge." For a novel sport is sweeping the sunburned set, taking the wind out of the ancient art of sailing. Designed for skippers whose mothers probably told them not to go near the water, an armada of sand ships has appeared on the beaches. The

sleek craft need no more water than a deep-sea man could wring out of a fair-sized bathing suit on a hot day. They have been popular for several seasons in California and Florida. The pictures on this page were taken at Daytona, Florida, where the land boats go zipping along at upwards of 40 miles an hour, depending on the wind. Carrying canvas that reaches up

to 30 feet, the beach scooters are built on an open framework of spring steel, with tubular steel mast and boom. Rubber tyred wheels are arranged in inverted tricycle style. A tiller attached to the single rear wheel provides steering. Expert sand sailors never use all three wheels if two will do. Sport's the thing with these mateys.



OUT OF THE BRINY comes the "ship" as Vesta, Carlo and Grace Franklin. The skipper gets in and takes off as a full-fledged matey to the beach enthusiasts. And there is no speed limit on the brass—so (right) "heave ho" together. Licences are not required to operate the sailors.

ROXY BROADWAY

Movies Are **BETTER** Than Ever
THE Houses of **BEST** Pictures

SHOWING TO-DAY

OWING TO LENGTH OF PICTURE PLEASE NOTE
CHANGE OF TIMES:

ROXY: 4 SHOWS
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.15
& 9.30 P.M.

BROADWAY: 5 SHOWS
AT 12.00 NOON
2.30, 5.00, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.

A MOVIE SCALES EPIC HEIGHTS!

A World
Fire With
Adventure!"



NO INCREASE IN PRICES!
BE SURE TO BOOK AT ONCE!
NO COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS AVAILABLE!

ROXY SPECIALLY ADDED:—Latest 20th Century-Fox
Movie News. 1. Korean War Scenes—British
Troops Arrive at Pusan (Filmed by U.S. Department
of Defence and Newsreels Cameramen). 2. 1950
Miss America Pageant with 54 Lovely Hopfols. 3.
Skating Show of 1951—Ice Capades Spectacle.

ROXY: MORNING SHOWS
AT 12.00 NOON
"The Black Rose"
SUNDAY, 24TH
& TUESDAY, 26TH SEPT.

BROADWAY:
MORNING SHOWS AT
12.00 NOON
"The Black Rose"
SATURDAY TO TUESDAY
23RD TO 26TH SEPT.

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA

AIR-CONDITIONED AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

1950'S TEN-BEST LIST WILL START

WITH Warner Bros!



THE MOST SENSITIVE FILM SINCE 'JOHNNY BELLAMY'

RONALD REAGAN PATRICIA NEAL RICHARD TODD

* SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS *

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA

At 11.30 a.m. Only At 12 Noon Only

Esther Williams in Esther Williams in

"On An Island With You" "This Time For Keeps"

In Technicolor In Technicolor

AT REDUCED PRICES

SHOWING TO-DAY



AT 2.00, 4.30, 7.00 & 9.30 P.M.

William HARTNELL • Robert BEATTY

Joyce HOWARD in

"APPOINTMENT WITH CRIME"

ADDED ATTRACTION

INTERNATIONAL BURLESQUE"

AN EPIC THAT SPANS THREE CONTINENTS



A fabulous voyage from English mediaeval
castles, across desert wasteland to the legendary
lands of the Far East is made by Tyrone Power
and Jack Hawkins in "The Black Rose," the
Technicolor film version of Thomas B. Costain's
historical novel of the 13th Century now showing
at the Roxy and Broadway Theatres.

Orson Welles plays the fierce Mongol conquer-
or, Bayan of the Hundred Eyes, and lovely 17-
year-old French actress Cécile Aubry plays the
Black Rose. This spectacular epic was filmed both
in England and North Africa and took over three
and a half years to complete.

Leonard Mosley Reports On

A Big Drum For The Rose That Isn't Perfect

Every time Hollywood
announces that a \$1,000,000
film is about to be wheeled
up for our mutual enjoy-
ment and stupefaction I am
tempted to reach down for
my bazooka and prepare
for a battle.

When a film has cost a
fortune, it is no longer a
matter of choice. They in-
sist that we go and see it,
and will blast any hesitation
from our heads by every
means they can think up.

In the case of an epic
called "THE BLACK
ROSE," a \$1,000,000 fabu-
losity about to be unveiled
for you, they have thought
up plenty.

A drumfire campaign has been
opened to prove that this is one
of the greatest spectacles of all
time.

Now it would be untrue to
say I dislike all this hoopla.
I love spectacle film. I love
the fuss and flash and glamor-
ous hurly-burly which go with
them.

And when I pushed my way
between the heads of Cabinet
Ministers and the bare shoulders
of the stars at the bang-up pre-
miere I could feel excitement
reacting on my pulse-beat.

Big, blowy . . .

Well, consider the facts about
"The Black Rose," and judge
the gargantuan quality of this
film.

It cost 4,000,000 dollars (pre-
evaluation). It used 3,000
Arabs, 600 camels, 400 horses
and mules as extras (more than
it took William and the Emperor
to capture Abyssinia from the
Italians).

The stars? That dazzlingly
handsome young man, Tyrone
Power; that sputtering, juvenile
genius, Orson Welles; and that
adorable French mix, that de-
lectable midget, Cécile Aubry,
17 years old, five feet in her
heels, and everything in pro-
portion.

The story? One of those dash-
ing, romantic costume affairs,
with an adventurous young man

fighting and intriguing halfway
across the world with the Mon-
gol hordes, from Africa to
China.

I could hardly wait for the
curtain to roll open. Two hours
later I could hardly wait for it
to close up again.

For with its \$1,000,000, all
Hollywood seems to have pro-
duced this time is a big, blowy
old bore of a film. It has as
much shape as a barrage bal-
loon. It is seldom exciting. It
is not even bad enough, as some
costume films can be, to be
funny.

"The Black Rose" simply has
no smell.

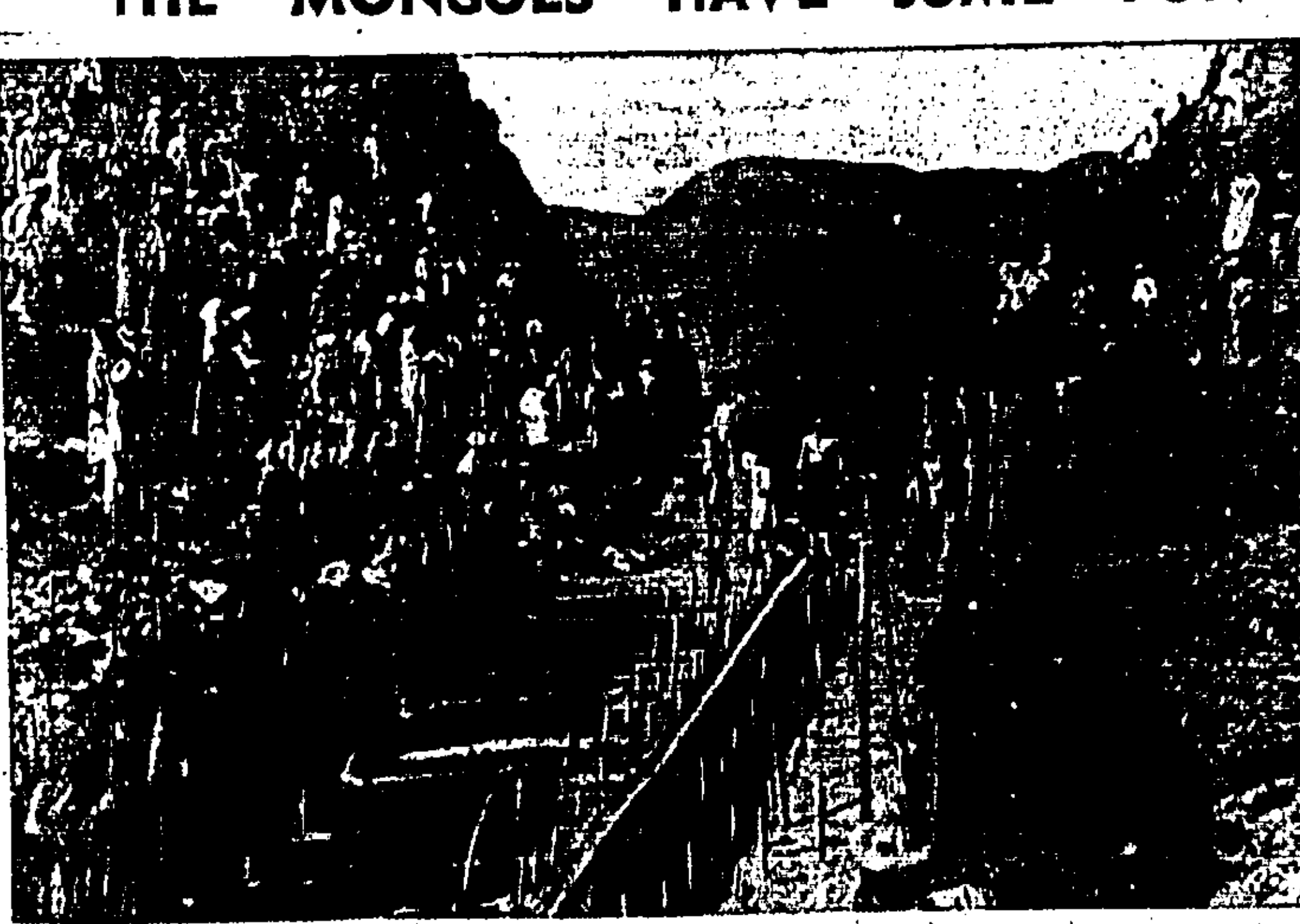
Lovely shots

Tyrone Power looks gorgeous
in his tights, but when he had to
run the Mongol gauntlet he
seemed more like an All-Ameri-
can football player making a
pass.

Orson Welles is puffed out
with amour and a funny hat,
and has his eyes made aquiline
to simulate a fierce Mongol
general, but looked more like a

—(London Express Service.)

THE MONGOLS HAVE SOME FUN



WEEK-END SCREEN FARE

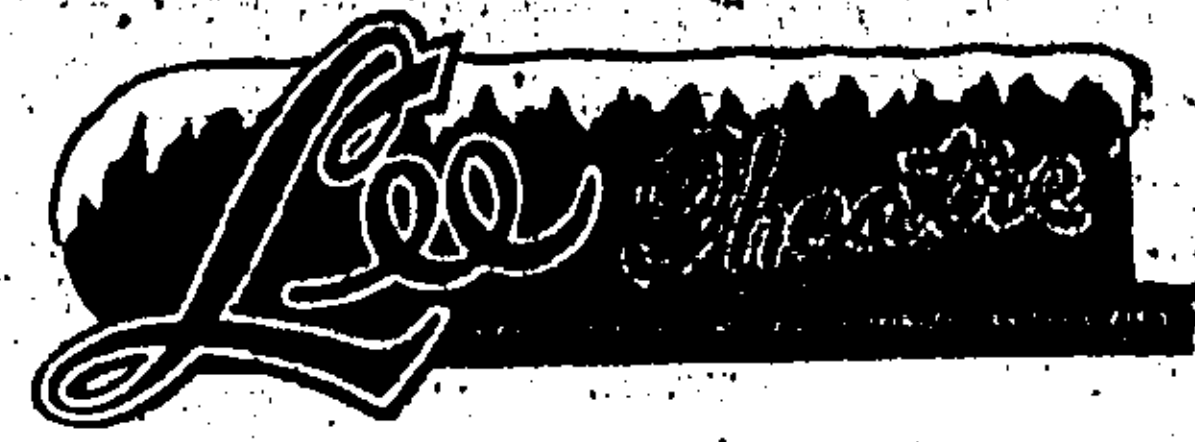
State Secret (LEE) stars
Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and
Glynis Johns in a film that
manages to be both a genuine
thriller and light entertainment
at the same time. It is about
an American doctor against
whom all the terror of a Euro-
pean police state, out for his
blood, is unleashed.

The Hasty Heart (QUEEN'S &
ALHAMBRA) is a triumph for
Richard Todd, one of the latest
British contributions to Holly-
wood, who puts in a wonderful
portrayal of a Scots soldier in a
Burma hospital who knows that
he is doomed to die and has
left a span of days to live.
Ronald Reagan and Patricia
Neal are in the cast.

The Black Rose (ROXY &
BROADWAY) is about two
young Saxons who fall out with
their Norman conquerors and
embark with one of Kubla
Khan's generals on a journey
from Antioch to China.

Mediaeval traveller Walter de
Gurne (Tyrone Power) prepares to
go through a weird and barbaric
Mongol torture in this scene from
"The Black Rose." Stripped to the
waist, he is made to walk along a

long rope while being hit on both
sides by two men with inflated pig
bladders. Mongol soldiers lined up
on either side stand ready to spear
him if his feet leave the rope.



— SHOWING TO-DAY —

FOUR SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The suspense is splendid . . . an excellent
thriller.

—Evening News.

What was his secret? . . . Why had he to be silenced?

LONDON FILMS PRESENTS
A FRANK LAUNDER—SIDNEY GILLIAT PRODUCTION

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Jr.

GLYNIS JOHNS

JACK HAWKINS



STATE SECRET

Herbert Lom • Karel Stepanek • Walter Rilla

Written and Directed by SIDNEY GILLIAT

ADDED: Special film of R.A.F.

"SHIPBUSTERS"

ESPECIALLY FLOWN OUT FROM ENGLAND BY BOAC

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

20th Century Fox Presents

COLOUR CARTOONS

PROGRAMME

AT REDUCED PRICES

SHOWING TO-DAY

MAJESTIC

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

A SELL-OUT FOR 45 PERFORMANCES!

HAVE YOU SEEN IT YET?

DON'T MISS THIS THRILLING WAR FILM!

THE YEAR'S GREAT SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT!

HERBERT J. YATES presents

SANDS OF IWO JIMA

JOHN WAYNE

JOHN AGAR • ADELE MARA • FORREST TUCKER

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

ADDED! LATEST WARNER-PATHE NEWSREEL

British Troops From Hongkong in Action in Korea!

United Nations Reinforcements Readied for Korea!

First Pictures of New Ten-Engine U.S. Bomber!

NEXT CHANCE! DICK POWELL in "PITFALL"

TO-DAY ONLY

Cathay

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE FAMOUS RADIO DRAMA OF ALL TIME

NOW ELECTRIFIES THE SCREEN!

Barbara Stanwyck • Burt Lancaster

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

ALL WALKS THROUGH

TO-MORROW

"LES MISERABLES"

A French Patho Picture

ORIENTAL

AIR-CONDITIONED

Take Any Eastern Tram Car or Happy Valley Bus

Final Showing To-day: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A Great Romantic-Musical Comedy With Big Stars.

The Hatfields and the McCoys

ROSEANNA McCOY

THE GREAT HATFIELD MURDER

COMMENCING TO-MORROW: "A M B U S H"

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30

"Another New Programme of Technicolor Cartoons"

ODD LOTS

HOPE SPRINGS

ROME: Berardo Lisandri, a peasant of Teramo, in Abruzzo, was presented with a son this week. Next week he will celebrate—believe it or not—his 100th birthday. His wife, Lucia, is 42 years of age. Berardo, in 24 years of marriage, has had no other children, but he said after the happy event: "I knew I would have an heir sooner or later."

PERFORMING DOG

CALCUTTA: Four months ago Russian-born Mrs. Marie Sandaros, an animal trainer, found a mongrel dog with a broken leg outside her home here. The dog's leg healed and she started to teach it circus tricks, and was astonished one day to hear the dog say "Mama". Pluto also blew several rapid blasts on a toy trumpet and walked on his forefeet with his hind legs in the air. Pluto's next task, according to Mrs. Sandaros, is to say "Papa" and after that "a simple sentence such as 'I love Mama and Papa'."

THE EASY WAY

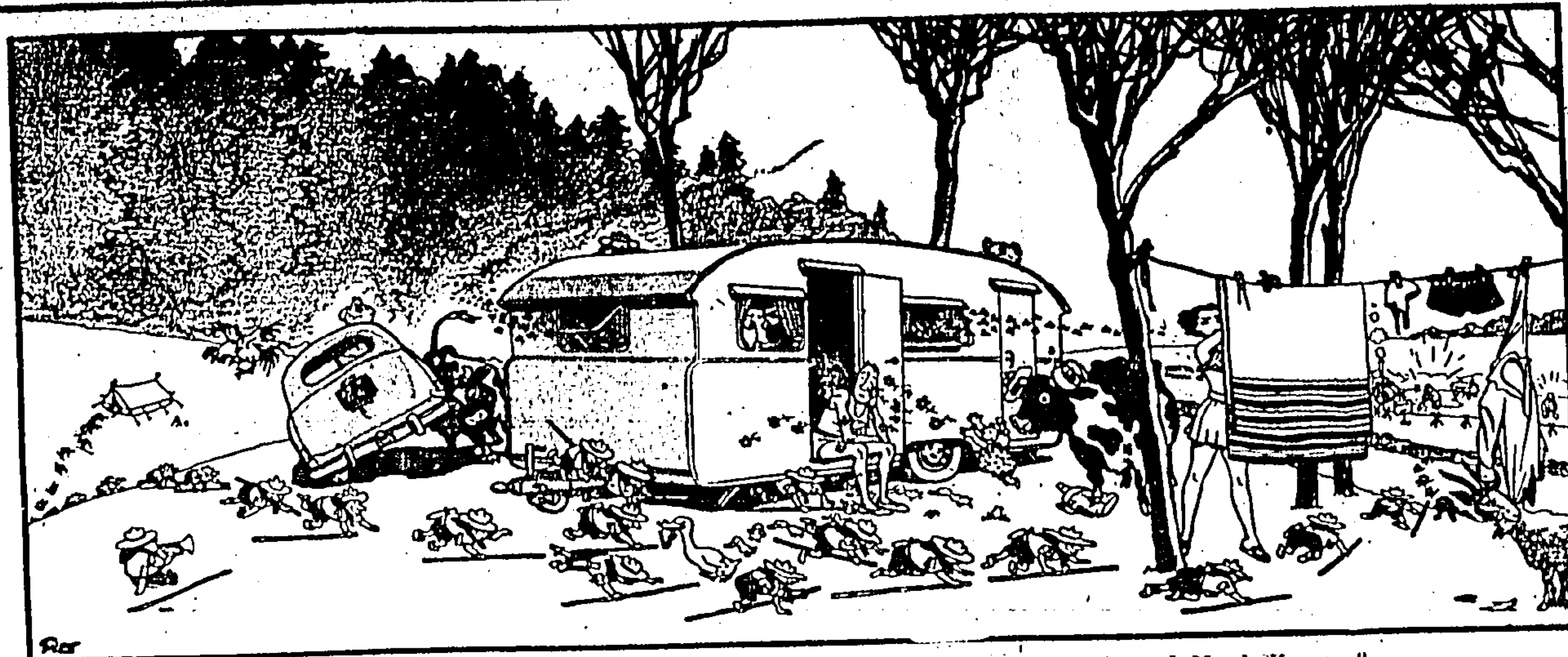
GENEVA: A Geneva green-grocer is feeling on top of the world. He bought 11 1/2 d. tickets in a lottery and won on holiday. On his return, he found that he had won a four-seater saloon, an electric washing machine and a large-size refrigerator. He was handed a registered letter by the postman. His wife had inherited £4,000 from an aunt. He is now looking for a lottery with a villa as first prize.

WOMEN IN BOSNIA

BELGRADE: Moslem women of Bosnia are discarding the veil. Their centuries-old symbol of male superiority. Meetings are going on throughout this predominantly Moslem republic supporting demands for the veil to be prohibited by law. Moslem men of some areas are supporting the campaign for a new law, but there are others who oppose it, telling the women that to drop the veil is heresy and a mark of immorality.



"Would you like me to wrap up your Russian crab in a peace petition form?"



"So far, all your quiet little caravan holiday away from it all hasn't got to Yaks and North Koreans."

London Express Service

AN AMAZING LOST CITY ARISING FROM THE DEAD

By L. W. Phelps-Orion

IN the sunny summer of A.D. 79 the pleasant Italian seaport city of Herculaneum was buried beneath the molten lava of Vesuvius, and vanished for nearly two thousand years from the light of day. Its very name was forgotten, and the new town of Resina took root on the solid soil 130 feet above the hidden and unsuspected streets of the old.

Today Resina in turn has been sentenced to destruction to make way for the absorbing spectacle of a city of the ancient world emerging intact after 1,871 years of oblivion.

Inch by inch, yard by yard, streets, villas, shops, temples, baths, courts and gardens are being uncovered and restored to their original condition. Calined fragments of glass are being fitted together with painstaking care and replaced in the carbonised wood of the original window-frames. Tiles are being restored to house-tops. Walls overthrown by the lava flood are being rebuilt from thousands of fragments.

Most striking of all, pieces of furniture have been retrieved from solid lava blocks, cleaned and re-

turned to the rooms in which they belong.

The rolling turgid lava preserved and mummified an ancient city in the moment of destruction. Now, with inexhaustible skill and patience, the excavators are winning back the whole brilliant picture. In some houses eggs remain unbroken in the larders. Children's toys have been repaired and left where they were found in nurseries and gardens.

If you want to take a trip back to the world the Romans knew, all you need do is to take a 55 tram from Naples. The cobbled dusty main street of Resina comes to an end abruptly; beyond a slender fence the ground is cut away in three sharp terraces, and below you lies liberated Herculaneum.

Twisted Column
IN the foreground workmen with wicker baskets are still removing the soil. Here a twisted column, there an angled roof spar—projects from the blackish rubble. Beyond them the resurrected Roman villas and the rows of narrow-fronted shops hark under the blue Italian sky.

I watched one studious research worker quietly sit-

ting fragments of cinder together, while an assistant gently covered the completed wire-bound blocks in sheets of glass. With infinite pains and integrity, they were reconstructing a fallen stairway so that visitors may soon reach the upper floors of a house by the self-same steps used by its vanished occupants.

Building a reasonable replica of the original staircase would be easier and quicker, but nothing has been added to Herculaneum, except where a garden has been lovingly replanted or an unseen waterpipe laid to enable a Roman fountain to play again. Pots and pans remain in the kitchens; knives and spoons are laid on the dining tables or arranged in the cupboards. The result is dramatic.

No Reticence
LIKE Hollywood, the past has no reticence. In the bedroom of a villa a little pot of powder stands open on the dressing table, the powder now no more than baked clay, though the hairbrush, comb and mirror are unmistakably feminine. A set of eyebrow tweezers, some lipsticks and hairdies lie in confusion, as if hurriedly abandoned. In this villa the roof, and some vagrant air current that hardened the crust of lava, preserved the contents. The mirror might have framed the features of its owner a bare minute before.

Out on the sun-bathing balcony lie a few pieces of carbonised wood—the ashes of a lounging chair too badly damaged for restoration. At the street corner just below stands a communal well, with the windlass and a mass of charred rope still hanging above its open mouth.

In a garden is an encrusted spade, thrown hastily to one side. The spade was intact, but a bronze figurine at the end of the garden was broken into three and dislodged from its pedestal by the lava. Now, repaired and replaced, it gazes again across the bowers.

Round the corner in the atrium of the clothier's house is a room, held in place above the tessellated pavement by thin, almost invisible wires. The fragile wood was removed from the lava bed after the precise angle and height of each piece from the floor had been exactly plotted.

LET'S STAY
★ A QUIZ of 1,005 old patients in a Birmingham hospital has shown that about 50 per cent. of them do not want to leave when the doctors pronounce them fit.

Some have no homes to go to. The rest prefer the comfort, care, and companionship of the hospital ward.

WHY THEY CROW
★ FROM the remarkably rapid growth of the baby blue-whale, scientists deduced that its mother must feed it on exceptionally rich milk compared with cow's milk, which has a fat-content of about four per cent.

But actual analysis of blue-whale's milk has surprised them. It contains 33 per cent. of butter-fat.

WITH COMPLIMENTS
★ PRESENT for Beacomber: Scientists have calculated that if all the people in London were to speak at once, the total power they would generate would be just about enough to light a 60-watt lamp.

—(London Express Service)

tin, as realistic and fresh as if delineated yesterday.

So far, the research workers have excavated barely a square mile of the town. The forum, path, main libraries, temples, chief villas and other important buildings have still to be discovered. They lie there, locked in the lava darkness, as you read these words.

The swiftness of the fate that overtook Herculaneum, due to its position nearer the mountain than better-known Pompeii, makes the archaeologists thankful today. Pompeii was buried under a comparatively light coating of ashes and fell an easy prey to the picks and predations of eighteenth century treasure hunters. Herculaneum—interred in rock-hard lava—escaped this danger.

In the year 1710 a farmer accidentally sank a wellshaft straight into the auditorium of the ancient buried theatre, which local folk promptly plundered of all the marble and statuary within reach, but the shafts and tunnels of the curious happily made little headway against the rigid surrounding subsoil.

One may walk through the main street of Pompeii and see little but roofless quadrangles of brick and stucco. In Herculaneum, a shop where an assistant had been hard at work cracking walnuts on that fatal afternoon. The half-cracked nuts lie in one bowl, some splintered shells are on the floor, the kernels in another bowl, charred to carbon.

At the last moment a customer, bent running for his life, left his change on the counter. At least the change was found there almost stamped into the stone by the weight of the lava. It remains lying on the counter to this day.

World Excited
THE fresh liveliness of the Herculaneum excavations has excited world archaeology. Dr. Amedeo Maiuri, the distinguished savant in charge of this site, saw salvage, set his task, the complete possible presentation of everything brought to light, and has succeeded brilliantly.

But come with me down a shaft from Resina itself into the underground ancient theatre, with its stage and tiers of seats—a buried section that still remains unexplored. On a wall which the lava has been carefully removed there is a discolouration, a vague impression, the faintest outline of a human being. Someone—a creature, an actor, a stage-hand—may have been of this eerie, the strangeness of this scene, the strangeness of the houses and gardens of Herculaneum in the sunshine—beautiful, impressive, yet silent and desolate.

I TALK TO MYSELF ON MY BIRTHDAY
by BILLY ROSE

AS I've reported in this column before, I was born September 6, 1899. On the same date two years later President McKinley was shot, and there are plenty of fellows on Broadway who will tell you they shot the wrong man.

Anyhow, be that as it may, when I woke up on Wednesday morning, September 6, 1950, my two heads began to argue with each other.

What's that? You didn't know I had two heads? Of course I have. When I was born on a kitchen table on the lower East Side 51 years ago, I had only one, but 15 years later, day and date with my first pay cheque, I began to sprout another.

In recent years I've been a badly confused man—my two brains seldom agree on anything, and as a result I seldom know whose corner I'm in, what team I'm rooting for, which cheering section I belong to.

When I got up on Wednesday, both heads yawned, blinked and then remembered what day it was.

"Happy birthday," said Head No. 1. "A birthday is just a comma between crib and crypt."

"Bad alliteration and worse logic," said Head No. 2. "A man is as old as he feels." "Think so?" said Head No. 1. "Well, try touching your toes and you'll find that a man is as old as he is old."

I reached out for my usual setting-up cigarette.

"My guess is you'll fall on your fat face," said Head No. 2. "This isn't a one-shot thing, you know—you've got to be good week after week. And, as I see it, that's like a vaudeville act who steps down to the footlights and says: 'My next trick, ladies and gentlemen, is impossible.'"

"I'm inclined to agree," said Head No. 1. "I'd be plenty tickled if I came up with five good shows out of the first twenty-six."

And not to brood about it—chances are that five would put me four up on the other Joe McGlenzius.

"How does your misus feel about this new chore?" asked Head No. 2. "As it is, what with the theatre, column and night club, you only get to see her week-

PASS THE GRASS, PLEASE!

By RONALD GARTH

OVER the surface of the earth every spring sprouts 2,000,000,000 tons of a vital foodstuff. Over 1,800,000,000 sheep and cattle thrive on pastureland; civilisations have been founded on grass and ultimately overlaid by its rich, weedy growth.

Today, in the quiet of research laboratories, the world's foremost nutrition experts are studying the inner food values of grass, chasing perspectives that may yet see us opening cans of fresh grass for breakfast.

J. R. B. Branson, a London grass-eating enthusiast, has expounded a 75 per cent grass diet. Branson recommends fine golf course tips garnished with rose leaves, tomatoes stuffed with lawn cuttings and hamburgers cooked with dried grass.

Housewives regard him as a faddist, yet scientists agree that grass may prove an obvious panacea for the world's pressing food problems.

British Government chemists investigated the good possibilities of fresh young grass during the war, and at the height of the U-boat menace set up a shadow factory for potential production. Desert troops in Libya munched sustaining candy bars, never suspecting they were eating experimental grass nougat.

Lucerne Soup
Sausages can be made from grass protein. At the Rothamsted soil science station British researchers have experimented with a dehydrated pea-flavoured lucerne grass for soups. Two percent of Britain's total protein needs, it is asserted, could be supplied in this way.

The news is not surprising. Wheat, barley, oats, rice and maize all belong among the 4,500 varieties of the great grass family. Sugar-cane, sorghum and bamboos are mere variations in grass nutrition. Fresh wild grass—Nature's waste product—is the focus of current experiments.

In a prisoner-of-war camp the men fell ill with beriberi and scurvy due to a diet, deficiency of vitamin B. With no drugs on hand, the camp doctors prescribed young grass clippings from the camp verges, and the prisoners recovered.

Analysts confirm that an ounce of grass provides eight

Fibre-free
On a Cheshire farm, similarly, pigs have been fed on grass protein, giving a yield of 70 lb. of pork per acre. Though grass is too fibrous for feeding in quantity to pigs, the difficulty has been overcome by the manufacture of a fibre-free 'grass cheese'.

A leading grass scientist, Dr. R. E. Slade, estimates that the 9,000,000 acres of arable land in Britain, if put down to grass, could produce enough protein-rich grass cheese to feed 40,000,000 people. This still leaves in force the permanent pasture and rough grazing, cattle to supply meat and milk.

Grass can no longer be unthinkingly trodden underfoot. In its sustaining new guise, it may yet yield a new foodstuff to increase the world's standard diets and create new levels of nutrition.

Following the grass trail, British Government technicians have taken over two semi-desert farms near Stratford-on-Avon as grassland improvement centres. Typical of many neglected marginal acres, water-courses were choked, hedges overgrown, drainage blocked and rabbits played amid the weeds and brambles. The scientists sought to discover the effect of weeds. On the actual physical properties of grass. Seeds were inoculated with a beneficial strain of bacteria to promote growth and sturdiness.

On The Menu
Sideline discoveries include oats without husks, new strains of herbal grass and fresh teas with a sporty grass species which grows and flourishes wherever it finds muddy soil. Flung on a tidal edge, this sparsely grows straight and upright, even when four feet of water flows above it. Beyond the tide strip the land ceases to be crumbling mud and becomes firm soil under the binding influence of the fibrous roots. Here is an opportunity to transform eroding mudflats into grass-fruit farms.

It's a great world, in fact, if the grass doesn't weaken. One ounce of vitamin B1 extracted from grass is sufficient to supply 30,000 people with all they need for one day. Grass in its raw form may be unpalatable, but its clipped and mixed green blades are now on the menu.

—(World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service)

THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN

One more success for the plastic surgeon

AN astonishing case of plastic surgery in which 17 bones of a girl's face were deliberately severed and then repositioned to make her better looking has just been reported by British surgeons—seven years after they performed the operation.

The surgeons, 68-year-old Sir Harold Gillies and Mr. Stewart Harrison, withheld the news of their achievement until they were satisfied that their treatment would be permanent. The girl is now a pleasant-looking, 21-year-old nurse.

Before the operation the girl's upper jaw was set so far back that her lips almost touched her crooked nose. Her eyes protruded in a way that made her look permanently startled. The roof of her mouth was so sharply arched that she could not speak properly.

The surgeons rated her case as so pitiful that they decided to remodel the whole face. Working in an operating theatre at Park Preswett Hospital, near Basingstoke, Harris first broke the bones of her nose and reshaped them. Then they cut right through the front part of the skull behind the eyes, severed the cheekbones, broke the bones at the base of the temples and cut across the roof of the mouth.

This entirely freed the framework of the upper part of the face, so that they could pull it forwards into a position which corrected the previous faults.

WHAT BIG EYES . . .
★ THE PUPILS of your eyes gradually get smaller as you grow old, doctors report, after measuring up the pupils of 222 people aged 20 to 80.

Men and women in their twenties had pupils 1-16th of an inch wider, when measured in bright light, than those in their eighties. In the dark the young folks' pupils were 1-10th of an inch wider.

This change must cut down the amount of light reaching the eye's light-sensitive screen. So it may be an important cause of the dimming vision of old age.

HOME, PLEASE
★ LOBSTERS fitted with plastic identity tags, then dropped into deep water far from home have found their way back to the very coastal cannies where inquisitive scientists captured them. How they did it is the latest natural-history mystery.

Even when taken two miles out to sea off Bermuda, where

the water is 1,500 feet deep, the lobsters got back home. They must do more to locate their home-ground than just leg it back with the incoming tide because they return just as surely when dropped in some rock pool further down the same coast.

OUT OF HABIT
★ BUTCHERS have told Food Ministry officials that, unless the quality and quantity of family meat rations are improved soon, the British people may get out of the meat-eating habit altogether.

Few growing children have ever bitten into a good steak, or fed off a first-class family joint, they warn. And, as with all other food preferences, a liking for meat is an acquired taste.

Whatever became of—?



'Wrong-way' Corrigan
his plane's in the garage.



MAUD MASON
now wife and mother.



GAZELLE BOY
in hospital.



ETHEL LE NEVE
her husband knows



CALLACHER
factory machinist—still rugged.



BETTY NUTHALL
no time for marriage.



HIPPISELEY
no more stress.



hippiseley
no more stress.



hippiseley
no more stress.

BERNARD WICKSTEED

has Fun Finding 'Old' news of
THE STORIES WITHOUT AN END

ETHEL LE NEVE—the girl who dressed as a boy—and the boy "who lived like an animal" are the two unfinished stories which have intrigued most readers.

First, The Gazelle Boy. You remember he was found in Arabia running wild with the gazelles, and the people who caught him by car put his speed at 50 miles an hour.

That was four years ago, and I was all set to fly out with a stop-watch to time him. I didn't go, because cabled inquiries brought answers that in the Middle East gazelle boys are as common as fairground sideshows as are bearded women in Britain.

A couple of years later, when I was out in Iraq, I was told the same thing. The Arab showmen get hold of some long-haired Bedouin boy, teach him to eat grass, and then exhibit him as a child brought up by gazelles.

So it was all hoax? That's what I thought. But now listen.

Three weeks ago the Iraqi who sent the story of the gazelle boy to Europe turned up in London himself. His name is Abdul Karim, and he swore the story was true.

Under cross-examination he admitted that perhaps 50 miles an hour was a slight exaggeration, and perhaps the boy hadn't lived with gazelles all his life, but he was found living like a wild animal, he could run very fast, and he did eat grass.

He is still in hospital, said Abdul Karim, slowly learning to be human.

Some sequels are too sad to tell in detail and in other cases it would be unfair to the people concerned to reveal their whereabouts and current affairs.

There is, for instance, the woman who was accused and acquitted of a poison murder who is now running a boarding house. And there is Ethel Le Neve.

She was the girl who ran away with Crippen, the murderer. She is still in Britain and still alive.

You may have stood in a queue with her yourself, for she is an inconspicuous little grey-haired grandmother of 66, who goes out with her shopping basket and does an errand.

Her husband is a good man who knows and keeps her secret, but her one fear is that the children will find out.

So we'll leave out that type of sequel, and look at a few others that people have asked for.

C. V. R. Thompson got hold of him on the phone in New York, and he replied cheerfully that he wasn't doing anything in particular.

He made a lot of money out of that flight and he looked after it. He married a girl from Texas, bought a little house, and has three sons aged ten, seven, and six months.

In 1940 he ran for the U.S. Senate as a Prohibition candidate, and was beaten but not discouraged. His old aircraft is in two bits—half in his own garage and half in his sister's.

Her name was Maud Moorcroft, and she lived in a small terrace house at Dukesfield, Cheshire. When a reporter called she was painting the kitchen door—hindered by her daughter of three who kept grabbing the paint brush and climbing on the chairs with it.

Her husband is a sheet metal worker who served in the Fleet Air Arm. He earns £7 a week and gives her £5.

Now she is Mrs Maud Moorcroft, and she lives in a small terrace house at Dukesfield, Cheshire. When a reporter called she was painting the kitchen door—hindered by her daughter of three who kept grabbing the paint brush and climbing on the chairs with it.

Crippen's friend is a grandmother now

Plays for fun

MANY (very) wealthy New Yorkers in London could answer the question: "What ever became of Betty Nuthall?" She probably fixed their travel tickets.

For the tennis star who went to America with the 1930 Wimbledon Cup team and made her home there, is now a working vice-president of a luxury travel agency in Madison Avenue. One of her customers is Billy Butler.

Betty, now 39 and still blonde-haired, said: "I'm thinner than when I played tennis, now I play only for fun at week-ends. In her bachelor-girl flat, Betty does a little painting—"not very good"—and explains to friends, "Marriage? I've no time for that."

Will she turn professional? "Not so long as I can make a living any other way," Betty Nuthall goes to Britain once a year to keep her British nationality "for business reasons."

Shock cure

HERE'S another good one. That boy who couldn't stop sneezing last year, Michael Hippisley is his name, and they tried everything they could think of to cure him, including putting him in a refrigerator.

He didn't sneeze in the deep freeze, but he started again as soon as he came out and went on for 37 days. He was finally cured by a form of shock treatment.

(London Express Service)

I CLAIM IT'S TOO EASY TO GET NEAR OUR ATOM-BOMBERS

The story of an experiment by Wing-Commander PAUL RICHEY

THEY were telling me in London the other day that anyone could wander round our atom-bomber stations.

So I went to see if it was all that easy. This is what happened:—

I selected R.A.F. Station Lakenheath, 7504th, United States Air Force Group base and since 1948 the home of a B-50 Superfort group of the U.S. Strategic Air Command.

I selected Lakenheath because, outwardly, it appeared to offer the least resistance to the casual visitor. To start with, the main road runs straight through it.

There is no difficulty in finding Lakenheath. It is conveniently sign-posted from Newmarket onwards, and soon I found the tree-lined road flanked with huts, Jeeps, and G.I.s. An enormous red-and-white bomb standing at the main entrance proclaimed the identity of the place.

From there the road skirted the airfield. The country was flat, open, and unobstructed.

Parking my car on the road, I looked around. I noted the airfield had anti-aircraft guns round it. I could see some 20 B-50s dispersed on the perimeter. One of them was taxiing.

At 4.40

My interest focused on six B-50s parked 300 yards away. Between us lay a flat piece of bracken. Not a soul was in sight. I walked towards them.

Arrived at the first bomber, I noted its open bomb-doors. I walked round it, patted a propeller tip, a wheel.

Suddenly a truck drew up. Out of it jumped a dozen British paratroopers in camouflage suits and armed with rifles. Three of them approached me.

"Do you know the time?" I said to a corporal. "Twenty to five," he answered promptly. Hands in my pockets, I strolled off.

I walked round a second bomber. I was on my way to a third when a Jeep rushed towards me with two American officers in it. I glared at them and they rushed on.

I walked round two more bombers. At the sixth some

more British paratroopers were standing, looking at me curiously. I asked a second corporal the time. "Quarter to five," he said cheerfully.

Suddenly I saw a hut door open a hundred yards away. From it came some civilians and half a dozen Americans. They stood looking in my direction.

"Time to move off," I thought, and I strolled towards my car.

'Security-minded' of the way there I heard a motor behind me. I turned and stopped as a Jeep marked "U.S. Air Police" bumped up.

"What are you doing here?" asked an American sergeant.

"Just having a look," I said. "This is a protected area," he said. "You'll have to come along, Security."

In the guardroom a collection of American G.I.s and N.C.O.s eyed me curiously. One buckled on a pistol and took my name and address. Then I was handed over to an R.A.F. flying officer of the Provost Marshal's Department. "We're rather security-minded round here," he explained.

I was politely questioned. Finally, learning that I was in the Auxiliary Air Force, the officer rang up a number I gave him and asked one of my officers to describe me and my car. Satisfied, he handed me over to an American captain.

"You were seen taking notes," said the captain.

"Notes?" I said blankly. "Oh, I expect they saw me setting my watch when I had asked the time." As a matter of fact I had taken notes—of the number of each aircraft.

The captain questioned me politely. I was driven down to the bombers I had inspected, and the British paratroopers were asked what I had said to them. Then I was taken to my car, shown a notice saying: "Air Ministry Property—Keep Out," and released with a courteous handshake.

Why? Why?

AS I drove towards London I asked myself some quite serious questions.

• **WHY**, in the first place, is this air base virtually open to the public? Why is the road not sealed off or diverted? Why are there no fences or sentries round the airfield?

• **HOW** was it that I, a civilian, was able to walk over to and inspect six bombers without molestation? Had I been an agent I could easily have slipped a plastic sabotage bomb, no bigger than a small pencil, into each undercarriage—and the destruction of six heavy bombers in a few minutes would certainly have been worth my life.

• **WHY**, when I was eventually picked up, was I not searched before being put behind my two captors in their Jeep? I could easily have shot them both and taken their Jeep into the bargain.

• **WHY** was a telephone call to a number furnished by me considered a satisfactory identity check? I could have been impersonating someone and, with an accomplice on that number, would have taken them clean away with it. I had no documents at all.

• **WHY**, in short, is this vital air station—one of the only three atom-bomber bases in Western Europe—not properly guarded?

I do not address this last question to myself, but to the Air Ministry, whose responsibility it is.

(London Express Service)

Bewitched, Bewildered, and Be-Barkleyed



FIFTEEN HUNDRED trade delegates of 39 nations—40 if you include Korea—assemble at Torquay on September 28 for tariff talks.

Torquay is keeping her £60,000 lights up all winter. She is getting out the flags. One flag is picked out in flowers, including *celiveria* and *alternanthera*, not to mention *sagina pilifera aurea*.

But strike me, heliotrope evergreen (which is one fantastic effect of the flood-lighting of flowers and plants)! This is the U.N. flag. A notice says: "Welcome to the United Nations."

This sort of thing just leaves me bewitched, bewildered, and be-barkleyed. For the Eyesies are in the conference. The Austrians are invited. The Germans are to become a full member.

The Japs would be here if the Americans had their way. But the British who swallowed the German entry blackballed the Japs.

The only people not here are the Russians.

The invitation to tortured Korea shows the mush in which this sort of world trade talk is embedded.

I bet the secretariat of the Interim Commission who summoned this Torquay Talkie never knew that Korea had a north or a south let alone a 38th Parallel. It was just a nice, fat bit of map.

The Liberians will be most distinguished delegates. They alone have ratified the Havana Charter.

NOT YET

THE charter lays down that ratifying countries must consult the Secretary-General on means of enforcing it before September 30 last year.

Another plan gone wrong. This interesting meeting has not occurred. Trygve Lie has not yet summoned the Liberian President to tell Britain and the U.S.A. how to run their commerce.

What's it about? It's about G.A.T.T.—the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

The Havana Charter signed two years ago by 52 nations, including us, promised to reduce tariffs and eliminate Empire Preference.

It was to set up a supranational body the International Trade Organization, to run the world trade over the heads of Govern-

ments. It does not operate until ratified.

But meanwhile all its evil consequences for Britain are created by the Interim Commission, which proceeds (of course, by agreement) as if the charter were in force. At Torquay, the most menacing proposal is that G.A.T.T. shall continue for three years. At present any nation can drop it on 60 days' notice.

G.A.T.T. not only aims at eliminating Empire Preference. At the present time it forbids any new Preference or any extensions.

For example: When Tories, in the Budget in June, moved to lower the tax on South African wine, the Treasury did not reply that Crippen needed the revenue.

The answer was: "This is forbidden by G.A.T.T." Such is the name into which the British Empire has thrust its trade neck.

AT OTTAWA

MR ATTLEE'S Government in 1945 agreed to work for the elimination of Empire Preference in return for the American Loan. This was his gold pro dollars.

Further back, Britain with her Dominions and Colonies laid the foundation of a preferential trading system at Ottawa in 1932.

It was a trifle compared with the complete Customs Union which the U.S.A. has established among dependencies. Small-town stuff compared with the trading bloc of Russia's republics.

But it was a start of mutual British trade, and the American State Department set out to smother it.

When the Atlantic Charter was drafted Churchill said he could not accept a proposal which would destroy the Ottawa agreements.

"But this is the core of the matter," exclaimed Sumner Welles, American Under-Secretary of State. "This paragraph embodies the ideal for which the State Department has striven for the past nine years."

THE HARVEST

TORQUAY hoteliers are delighted. Extensions to hotels are being rushed. Shops are to display mouth-watering goods "export only."

Forward Torquay! (As a native of Torquay is a Turk, I suppose a native of Torquay to be a Turki.) Or should it be: Advance, Torquay, and Torquing! Flourish your pilifera aurea! Reap your golden harvest!

You beat Cannes and Monte Carlo to the plucking—I beg pardon—the entertaining of these 1,500 visitors. Tourist trade is all we shall get out of G.A.T.T., so make the most of it.

There will be Egyptians. Spoil the Egyptians! The Yanks are coming. Get the dollars off them for the gap. Take the drachmas off the Greeks. We probably provided them, anyway.

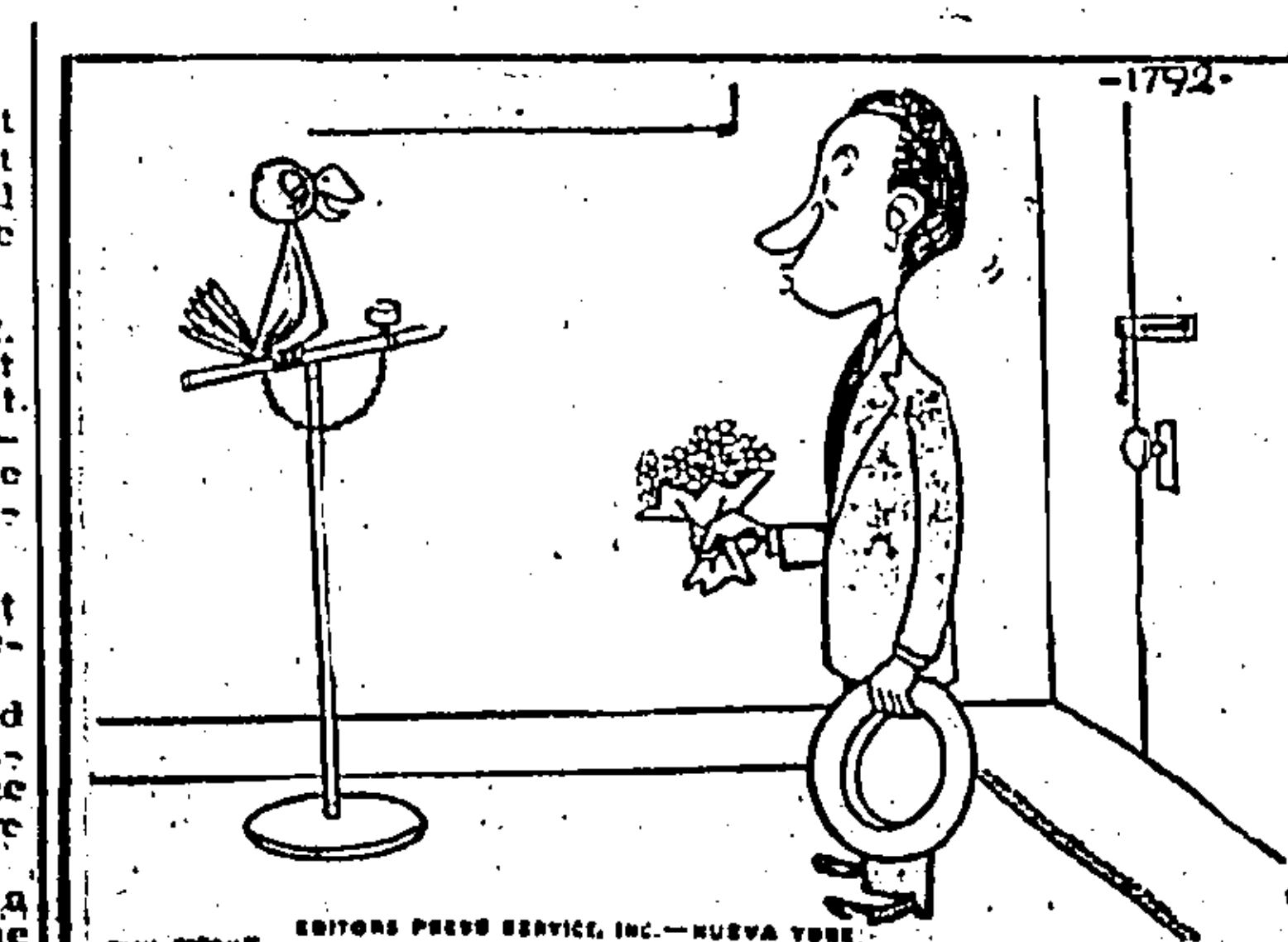
Touch the untouchables from India. What can Haiti be induced to part with? For—highly-tiddle-y-ighly—Haiti's coming to Blighty.

What a killing! These trade delegates are grand spenders by nature. Even our British delegation aims at spending £5,000 a month at Torquay.

It is estimated that the delegates will unpack £250,000 in six months. Torquay, it ain't enough, a mere £10 a week a head. Raise your sights. Strip the visitors of half a million small fee for the ruin of an Empire's trade.

William Barkley

London Express Service



"Hello, Jim; hello, Bill; hello, Greg, hello Pete ..."

THE HOUSE THAT WAS NEWS



Adopted 1947, bulletins issued for 14 months, occupied for two years, has living-room, kitchen and three bedrooms ...

Zooming to Prosperity ON THE WIND

By ROGER BUNYAN

SETTING an example to Hongkong and, perhaps, the world, windmills 120 feet high may soon spring up at vantage points around the coasts of Britain. From rocky Land's End to rugged John o' Groats, Britain has some of the windiest coastlines on earth. Gales, sometimes rising to 113 miles per hour, buffet in from the Atlantic. Seventy miles per hour wind velocities are often recorded.

Hitherto this intensive wind power has largely run to waste. The cost of harnessing seemed prohibitive. As in the Middle West, wind-vanes have been used to generate electric power only by a few comparatively isolated farms.

Suddenly, however, the wind scene is changing. The need for economy in coal, new advances in aerodynamics and the existence of a nation-wide electrical supply grid, have all served to diminish the technical difficulties in Britain.

Now, backed by the Institute of Electrical Engineers, experiments in Cornwall and Wales show that the cost of modern grand-scale harnessing of the wind could be more than recovered by the saving of coal and other fuels.

Research has been carried out on cliff-tops and at coast guard stations. Fresh

knowledge has even been won at the summit of some of England's existing 200 old-style windmills. New efficient forms of vanes and blading have been tested in the air draught wind tunnels of the National Physical Laboratory. In the Orkneys, a survey party has spent several months carrying out exhaustive wind velocity trials.

Until recently, one of the foremost difficulties in making the most of Britain's wind assets lay in the lack of data indicating which types of generators might best be used and probable capital costs. Gradually this gap in knowledge is being shrewdly filled. At one end of the scale, engineers are discussing a gigantic conception of wind-towers of steel girder construction rising to 600 feet, on which will be mounted wheel-like wind turbines with a diameter of 500 feet. Revolving smoothly and rapidly in even a light 10 m.p.h. breeze, meeting any change in wind direction, the estimated output per tower mounts to 60,000 kilowatts.

Wind-towers of similar but smaller pattern have already been used in Denmark, Holland and Germany. On the other hand, British scientists are aiming at 2,000 kilowatt generators. Supplying six million units a year, each would save 4,000 a new pair. Three years later

tons of coal in inland areas, declares scientist T.G. Haldane, a foremost consulting engineer, wind towers could electrically heat farming land and raise four crops a year.

Though 7,000 towers would be needed to equal the present electric output of Britain, the aero-generator advocates claim that a few hundred could form an important auxiliary source of power. Nor is this a mere pipe-dream. Sites have been surveyed, and a government report is being prepared by a fact-finding committee under the Ministry of Fuel.

Says Frank Parfett, President of the Engineers' Society, "Wind dynamos of 1,000 horsepower can operate quite automatically and unattended, in all weathers, wind velocities and climatic changes. Power drawn from air is the cleanest available, and we can create a cleaner country. It was only when the steam-engine arrived as a power unit that we looked away from the wind wheels that served our ancestors. Why not turn back? The winds will still serve us."

Mr. Parfett's old industrial and agricultural friend, the windmill, is in fact on the rebound. While scientists are evolving more modern forms, English history-lovers, jealous of tradition, are actually doing all they can to preserve old windmills. Banded together in a protection society, there is no aid, sentimental interest.

When the existence of the old mill at Telling, Essex, was threatened by damage to its sails, the windmill men launched a public subscription to buy a new pair. Three years later

another enthusiast bought a second pair. Then the old mill was found to be damaged at its base and in danger of being blown down. Once again the windmill society stepped in and paid for repairs.

Built in 1665—the little deers all in existence—another famous post mill is still busily grinding grain at Otford, in Surrey, and both the fire of London and the modern fire-bomb were watched from its upper platform.

Only a few years its junior, Drinkstone Mill in Suffolk is still toiling in its old age, grinding grist for poultry. During a recent 'windmill exhibition' in London, Drinkstone received stardom among the visitors, photographers, and fans expertly discussed its fine cloth sails and quaint hand-worked 'tail-pole' for turning it into the wind.

Though only 300 serve their original purpose, or still help to generate power, Britain actually has 2,000 windmills, compared with 1,200 in Holland. To prevent millwrighting dying out as a craft, a fund has been launched to apprentice country youngsters to millwrights undertaking mill repairs, and this will 'fix' traditional knowledge of milling lore at least till the year 2,000.

Many other mills, however, are still proving useful. Convinced into every corner, some have helped to solve the housing shortage. Both Benjamin Britten, the composer, and film director Laurence Irving cherish fine windmill residences.

Another old mill has become an exceptionally gay headquarters for crippled children, and at least one windmill—at Reigate Heath—has become a church. Beneath the huge beams which once supported the grindstones is now built an altar. At Whitstable another converted mill has become a lighthouse.

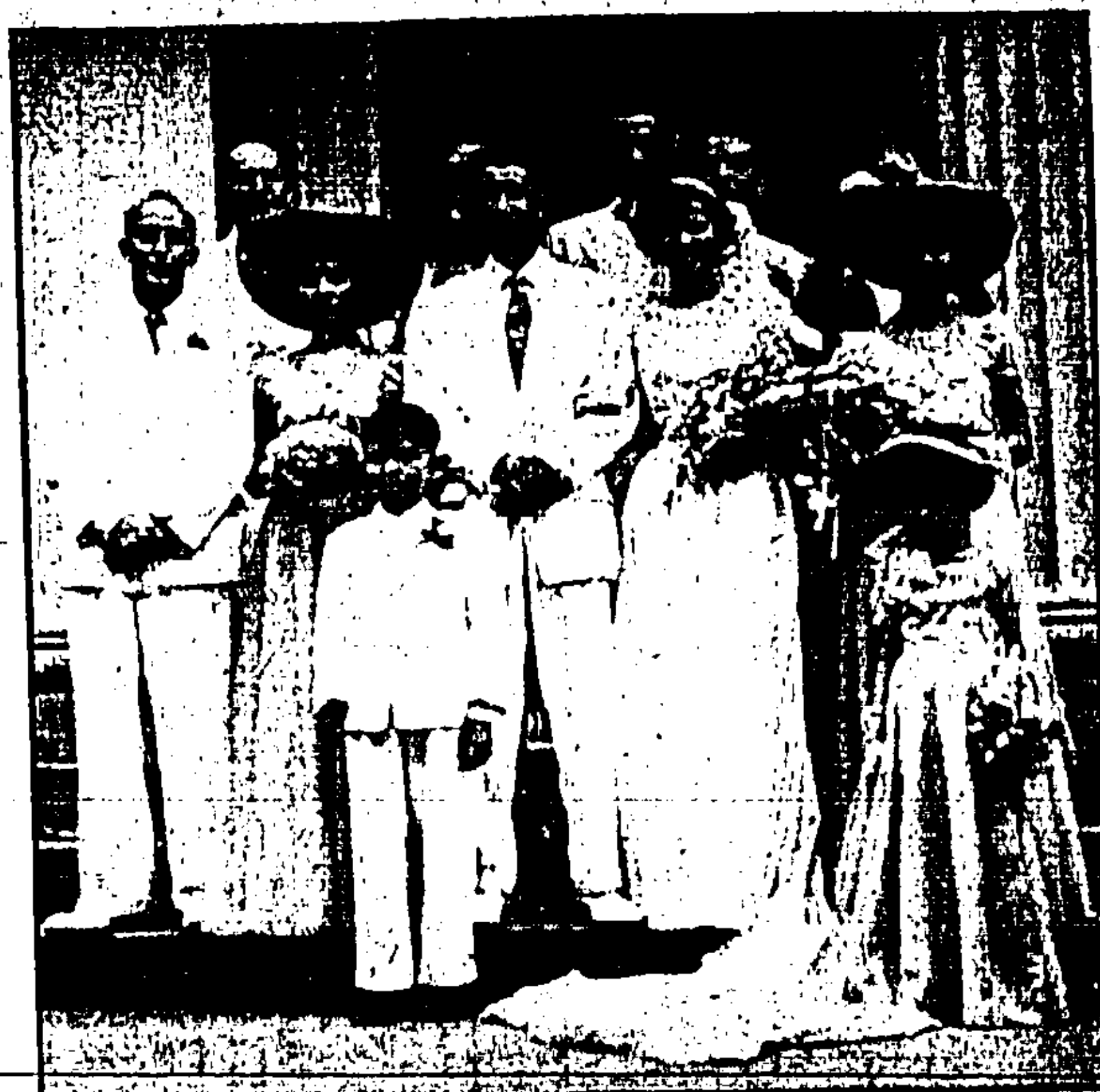
POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Oh, darling, just for one wonderful moment I thought they must have conscripted the whole Hosts of Cimmone and the foreign paterfamilias bothered to mention it."



CELEBRATING the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, a special remembrance service and parade was held by the Royal Air Force at Kai Tak. Left: At the luncheon given at the Air Force Club to mark the occasion. In upper picture, Group Captain J. Worrall is speaking. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



BRIDAL group after the wedding of Mr Nuno Alvares Xavier and Miss Josephine Edcitrudes Castro, which took place at St Margaret's Church last Sunday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



FAREWELL party at the Hongkong Hotel to Lieut. J. R. Rutherford, of HMS Tamar (centre), who recently went on leave. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. J. C. McDouall, Acting Secretary for Chinese Affairs, speaking at the opening last week of a new free school at the Happy Valley Social Welfare Centre. Right: Some of the students. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



BELOW: A race in progress at the annual children's sports held at the Taikoo Club recently. (Ming Yuen)



MR Chen Shin-yuen and Miss Cheng Ling, who were married on Monday. A large gathering of friends offered their congratulations to the newlyweds at the reception given in the Hongkong Hotel. (Kam Sing)

MR and Mrs Lincoln H. Randall and their attendants after their wedding on Monday at the Kowloon Union Church. The bride was formerly Miss Stella Edgren. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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MAJOR A. D. Mackenzie, of the Royal Scots, and Mrs Mackenzie with their baby son, Mark, on the occasion of his christening last Saturday at St John's Cathedral. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



DR George Choa (right), who won the Kowloon Cricket Club's singles tennis title last Sunday by beating T. E. Baker (left). Dr Choa partnered L. F. Stokes to win the doubles on the same day. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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Our windows are changed at least once a week: as we have only three it is not easy to indicate the big range of goods which we can always show you.

FOR INSTANCE:—

In one window we have this week a display of Argyle socks—loud get smart—solidat inside the store every type of good sock is available for your inspection.

In the other Chater Road window there is a big show of pure silk English Madder handkerchieves, squares and scarves—a token display of the many designs always held in stock.

The third window which is tucked away near the York Building 'tits' is usually devoted to ladies' goods: at present Scotts Classics hold sway—at other times we show "K" shoes, Jaeger scarves, Ansonian coats and so on through the weeks.

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YOU—THIS WINTER... by Robb

Bulk at the top... waist goes down... skirts get narrower

FROM the London shows one big new change stands out. As you can see from the sketch, top coats have taken a complete somersault—the bulk is at the top, the waist is gone, the skirt is narrow.

No more of that full-skirted, belted around look. This kinkpin of your wardrobe will be tapered from shoulder to cuff, with high, wind-breaking collar, whopping big pockets placed low.

On many coats buttons go from neck to hem. "Button up your overcoat" is certainly the theme song this winter.

It is not the 'twenties look. It is not a return to the Edwardian, the nearest to it is the way women looked just before World War One. You will get used to it in time.

LAST SEASON'S
"YOU" SURVEYS
HER SUCCESSOR

It's NOT that
1920 look...

Beauty And The Ballet

By Joan Erskine

LONDON. LAST year, someone had the brilliant idea of dressing the girls of the ballet in the latest British fashions, in order to boost British export trade. They arranged a nation-wide tie-up between manufacturers all over America, and as the famous Sadler's Wells Ballet Company danced its successful way throughout the United States, its off-stage wardrobe was admired on all sides.

This year, the promotion experts have gone one step further, and provided everything from hats to umbrellas for the men, as well as the girls, who will be touring Canada in addition to America.

Seldom, if ever, has trade been promoted through cultural channels, and it will be interesting to see if their success of last year is repeated. The company is investigating a variety of handbags in calf, snakeskin and lizard. These are typical of the present trend in London for functional rather than purely decorative bags. The tiny round or box styles are suitable only for parties now.

Tartan & Leather

It will be a very long time before travel bags of tartan and leather go out of favour. The gayest tartans seem to match a surprising variety of fabrics, and they wear very well.

The clothes the ballerinas will wear are indicative of those which will be seen in London in the new season. The first cashmere, twin sets, in coral, powder blue, rose, turquoise, beige and pink shades, are worn with slim fitting skirts. Coats are of the loose ample tweed type, which can be worn belted or unbelted, and we are delighted to see that the humble beret is now more popular than ever before. No two girls wear it in quite the same way; they are easy to pick, cheap to buy, and are made in every imaginable colour.

The evening dresses they chose are either full-skirted, in filmy nylon striped with silver, felled rayon net, and floating chiffon; or they are rather more sophisticated, and made in broad, poult taffetas, or heavy satin.

Lovely, red-haired Moira Shearer is taking an evening dress of embroidered black velvet, with strapless top. Beryl Grey liked a cocktail dress of black and pink tulle with gathered cape sleeves, and Margot Fonteyn succumbed to an exquisite evening hat by Verner in black, with white paradise plumes sweeping to one side, and a shower of white flowers over one ear.

Fashion at the moment is in a very disorganised state. Far

from being pleased at the wide choice of styles available to them, women are in a complete quandary. "Shall we?" they ask, "cut off our hair and keep the boyish look, or grow it and develop fuller skirts? This and that state of indecision is chiefly because M. Dior introduced the most ridiculous little top-knots in the world at his recent collection in Paris, in order to "hide rugged ends." Hair was smoothed down into soft curls at the nape of the neck.

Hair Quiz

But this does not mean that short hair will disappear overnight. It is far too popular and attractive. It does mean that hair should have a feathery line, about an inch or so longer than before. Some months ago Raymond showed his shortest of short cuts—the "Grafton Poodle." The sides were waved towards the back, which was clipped like a man's. The longest hair, said Raymond, is shaped to the head like a cup, smooth at the sides, with short loosely combed-out curls. In other words, it is your hair, do as you please with it. But remember that the new hats with the forward slant look ridiculous on hair that is too short.

Girls of the ballet have never pondered to fashion in this direction. For them it is always the smooth classic hair-style, that may not have a gamine-like prettiness, but is beautiful and makes the most of good eyes, fine noses, delicate chins, or clear white foreheads.

In America, hair is turned under, and affairs touch the collar. There is only one thing to remember if you are really in a state of indecision. Keep your hair smooth on top and at the sides, because nothing is more out-dated than side-sweeps and curls bobbing about in an upswipe hair-style.

Magnolia Loveliness

The new trend in make-up seems to pander to the ballet also. The "Magnolia Look" is the name, and it is most effective on those with fair skins and dark hair. Complexions are pale and creamy with dark eyes and mouth. It is possible to achieve this by using a pink base, with a natural powder. If cheekbones are emphasised with rouge, then this should not be

AT THE END of July, while you were lying on the beach or lazing in the garden, the back rooms of London's top designers were humming and their salons crowded out with buyers, fashion reporters, photographers, artists.

Within ten days they saw upward of 28 different collections in London and Paris, ranging from 50 to 250 models per collection. But to ensure that the world's great fashion stores—which spend vast sums of money to

buy exclusive rights to mass-produce the new season's models—can start even in this race to put over the new line, no photographs, drawings, or detailed information of the London collections were allowed to be published.

Now that the models have been delivered and copies rushed through the workrooms, women in Britain may be told in detail how they are expected to look in the coming winter.

General consensus of opinion from overseas buyers was that trends in the London collections had more originality of line and more newness value than those which they saw in the Paris shows the following week.

Tailored suits show less violent change, but even here the waistline is dropping to the hips, jackets are longer and incline to boxiness, and skirts taper to a hobble hemline. This taper line runs through all the collections in slightly varying forms for day and evening dresses. Even many of the hats shown taper to a point like a clown's cap.

Colours: Orange has died a quick death. The brighter pinks are at last taking a back seat. Blue—once dedicated to spring and summer—appears again and again in variations from almost navy to a deep, caput, and often teamed with soft caramel brown. This should please the woman whose skin does not look its best against basic black.

Strong green runs blue a good second. And for town clothes, black as ever, though usually worn with white or grey.

Jersey fabrics turn up looking exactly like tweed. This is an entirely new fabric which does not stretch or crease—an invention of a Yorkshire manufacturer.

All the designers are in love with velvet—coats, dresses, hats and huge muffs are made of it, collars and cuffs are trimmed with it often in bright contrasting colours on jackets to match the skirts.

A new waterproof velvet has made its appearance, and on one coat is used for the entire front, combined with a wool back.

Two revivals: fur collars and cuffs, embroidered collars, on coats.

Be prepared to learn to walk gracefully in a hobble skirt. Face the fact that a skirt 14 inches from the ground is going to look dowdy and that 15 or even 16 inches is the length for day clothes.

Get used to wearing your hat uncomprehendingly straight and forward. Trim it with the widest meshed veil you can find and it with anything that flatters. One designer shows a black beret peppered with multi-coloured stones. Favorite fabrics for hats are long-haired velvet and velvet. Finally, grow your hair as quickly as you can. Mannequins seemed to appear with hair grown miraculously overnight into the most becoming coiffures of ear-length soft brushing curls. Make no mistake, the Crew Cut, the Urchin Cut are out, out!

Inspiration from Queen Mary...

If you wait long enough the old will become new again. "The newest thing out" for this winter is a coat very much like Queen Mary's traditional coat. The line is similar; the slim skirt; the wrap-over fastening; the shape of the shoulders.

TAIL PIECE

* The Big Ten—officially styled the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers—is a closed shop consisting of Hardy Amies, Charles Creed, Hartnell, Matelli, Molyneux, Digby Morton, Peter Russell, Michael Sherard, Victor Steebel, Worth of London. Members of this group now consider London sufficiently established as a fashion centre to insist on a £50 deposit from buyers before they can see their collections. Deposit returnable only if purchases are made.

(London Express Service)

Velvety And Crisp



By Vera Winston

WHITE pique, well handled, with touches of dark fabric, comes up as a delightful idea for evening. White pique is used for this model, a crisp dress made with a snug little bodice that buttons down the center. It also buttons part way down the skirt beneath the inverted pleat of the fully flared skirt. Navy blue velvet lines the halter collar and lends a pretty and harmonising dress-up touch.

Freckle Camouflage

By HELEN FOLLETT

THE golden polka dots don't seem to trouble Myrna Loy, Jean Crawford, Janet Gaynor. So if you have a collection of your own, don't let it get you down. Lots of people believe that they make a girl look plump and sassy. Certainly, they are a minor food-looks grief, but not as bad as blackheads or coarse pores. Sun bathing is an effective and non-fattening way of getting vitamin D into your system, to put pep in your spirits and ginger in your heels. Much pleasanter than taking cod liver oil or overloading your bread with butter that is likely to put over-curves on your sweet body.

Conceal Freckles

You can conceal freckles by applying a complete cream mask in a tan-coloured shade that is practically the same colour as the freckles. The tendency towards more natural make-up is evident on every side. You will notice that the lovely Dietrich no longer wears her "lickerish eyebrows." Getting back to the question of freckles, you can wear them down in colour to a certain extent by applying a mixture of strained lemon juice and olive oil, equal parts. It is an old, tried and true treatment. It will not erase them overnight, but it will keep them in hand and they won't get darker or increase in numbers.

An oily cosmetic foundation, used before applying powder, will serve as a barrier against the strong rays of the sun that create these tiny blemishes. Don't use soap and water just before exposure to sunlight or immediately upon coming indoors.

A Strain On The Imagination

Blouse designers are straining their imaginations for new ways with tucking. "In" turning tucks upside down, twisting them, running them in circles—just to make them look new—is an American stylist's way of expressing the lengths she will go to in achieving new effects with the year's most popular detail.

Broad pleats are one fresh approach liked particularly for shirts. Three-inch box pleats look very handsome on an end-to-end silk blouse.

Insels of a contrasted colour or texture are still another means of varying the appearance of the tailored blouse. Inch-wide stripes of ribbon in the bodice of a tissue faille blouse; strips of corduroy or fancy knitting down the sleeve of wool jersey; solid insets in the shape of a large daisy on one shoulder of a dark cotton blouse are a few suggestions for autumn designs inspired by early samples seen.

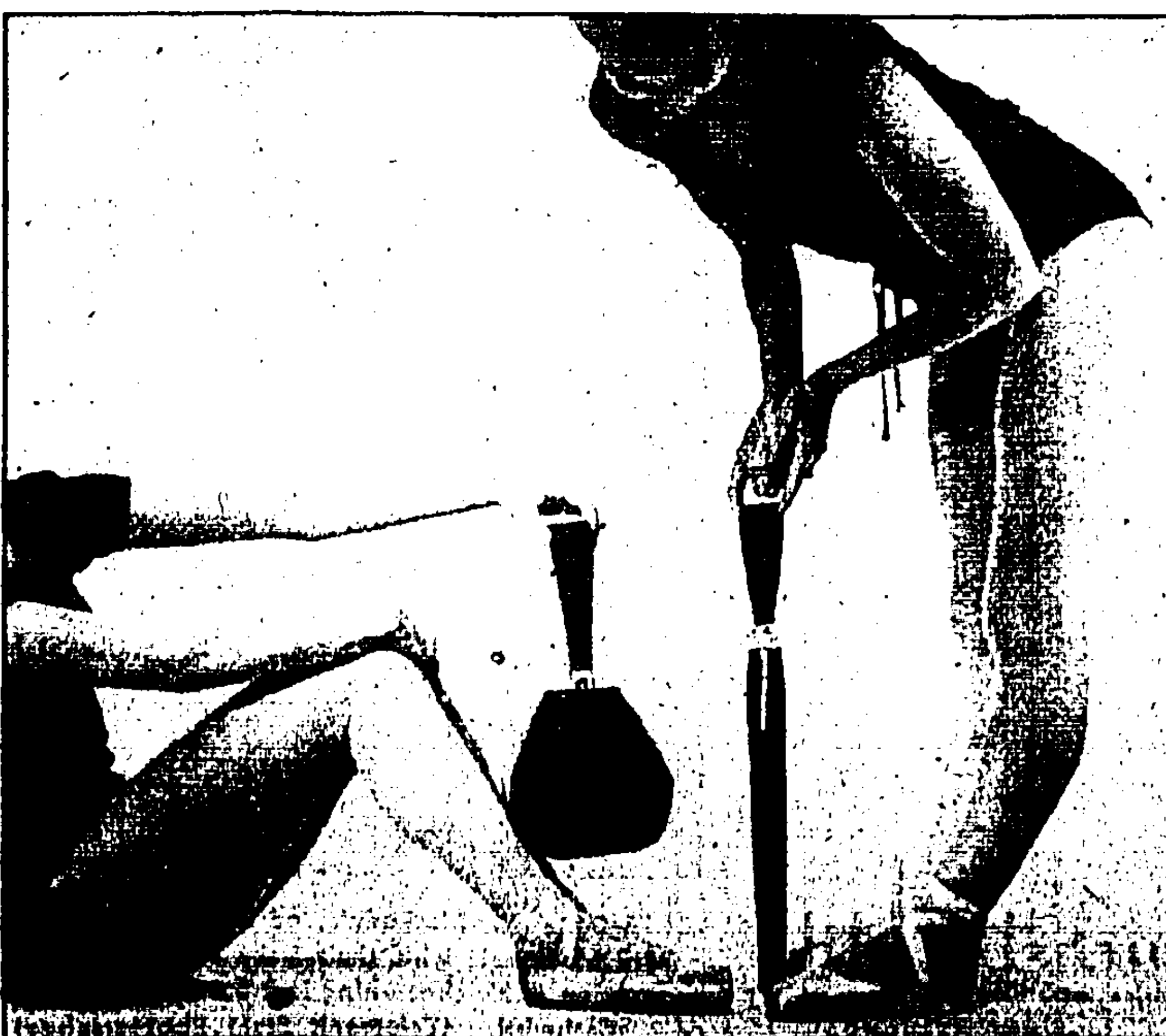


ILLUSTRATION shows two Ballet girls carrying an umbrella case and handbag in braided material. An idea to boost British trade through cultural channels.

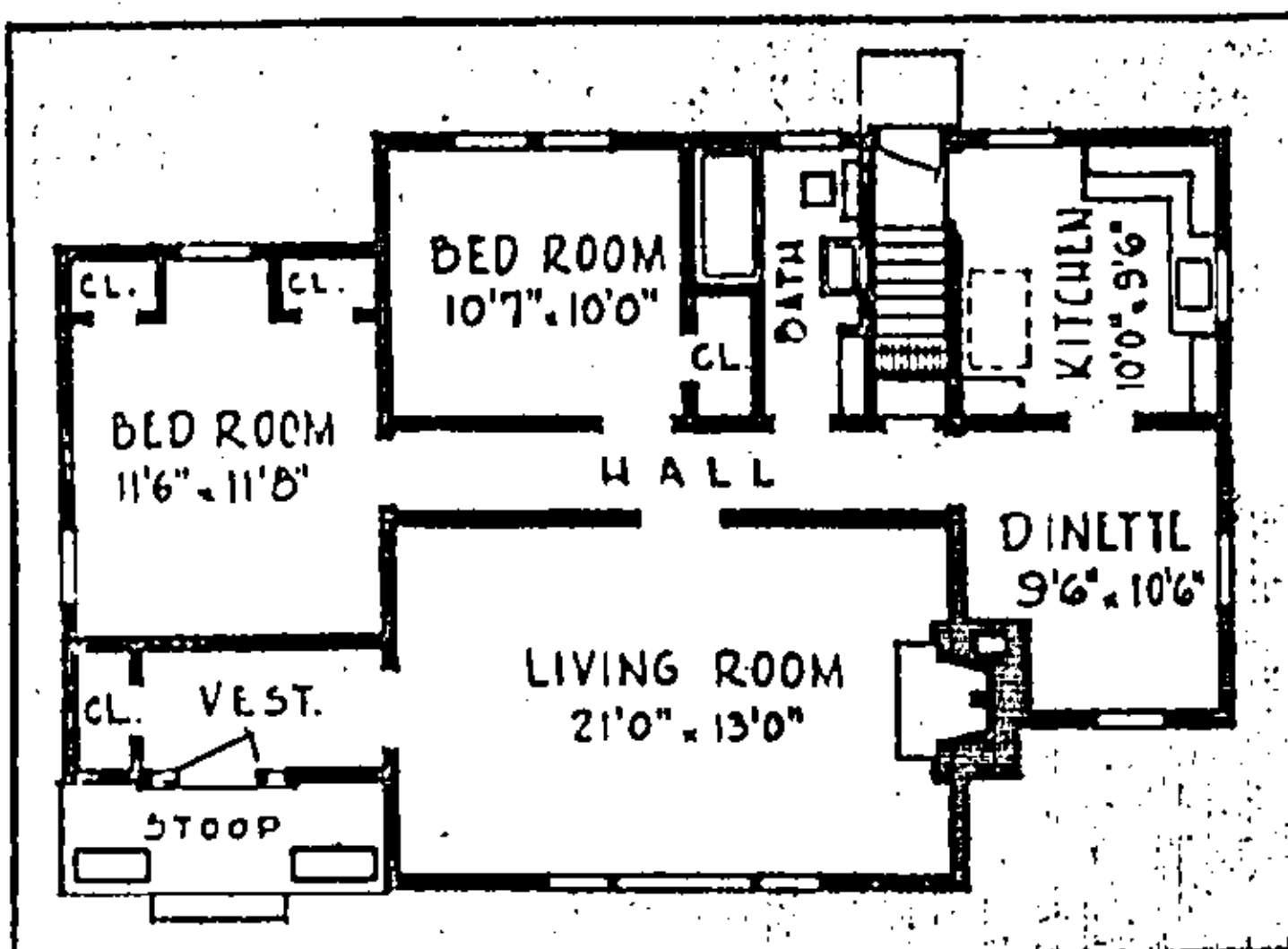
PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

STEP-SAVING COMFORT



THE LIVING ROOM provides an attractive break-front for this home, with vestibule and dinette at either end of the house, set back a few feet. The large picture window adds a striking note to the exterior, as does the entrance with its glass block trim.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN



A DINETTE is the added feature when this house is built with a basement. Note how every inch of space is utilised in this plan.

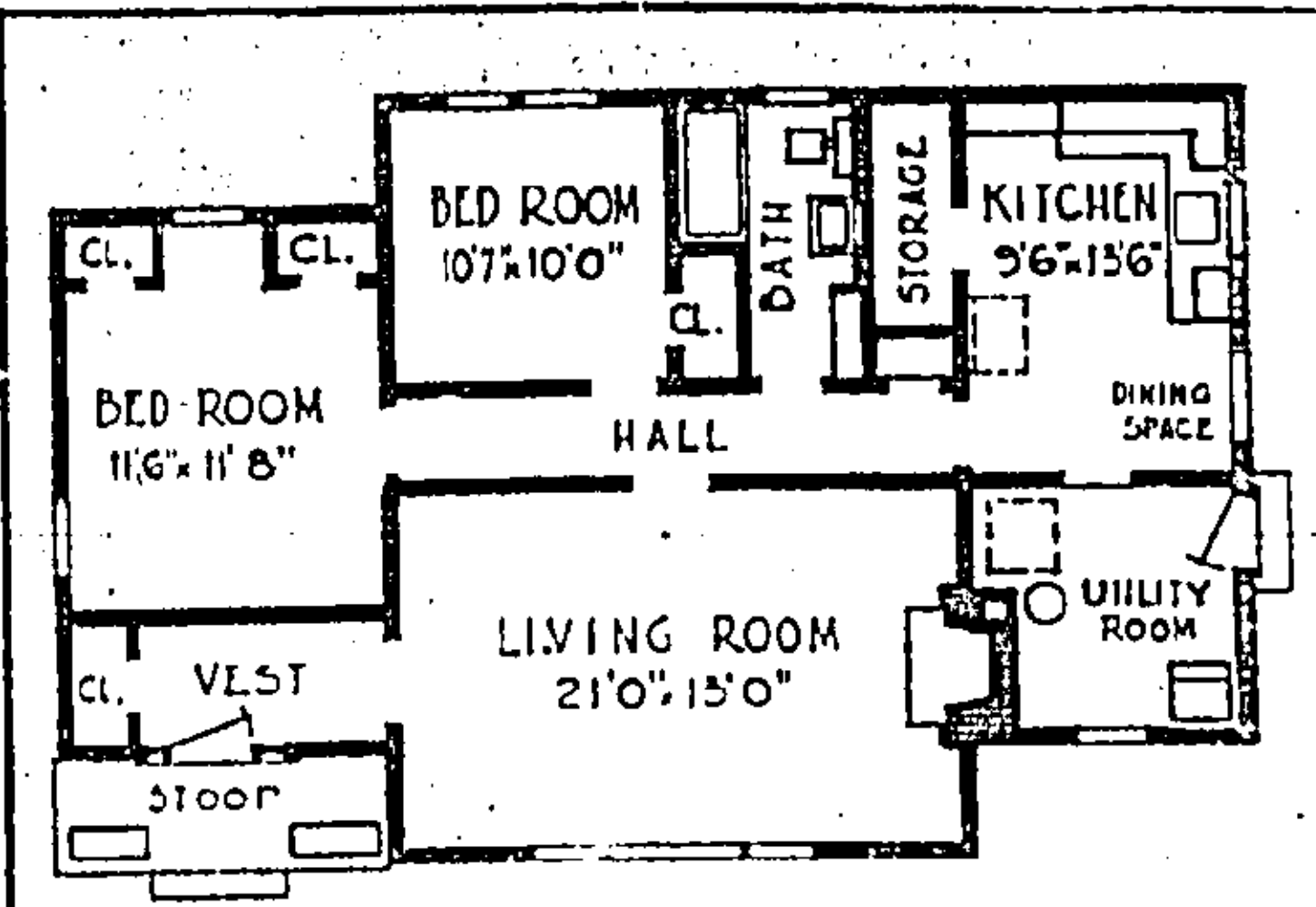
THE chief cook and bottle washer will whip out the adjectives when she sees the kitchen layout in this house. And why not? The hours she spends in the kitchen might just as well be happy ones. Too much care cannot be given to its arrangements and decoration.

When it comes to this last, be colour conscious. Choose shades that are gay and cheerful—and you'll find that even "slaving over a hot stove" has its brighter aspects.

This kitchen is guaranteed to save many steps and minutes. An L-shaped arrangement of sink, stove and cabinets places the three main work centres conveniently along two walls. The refrigerator is near the entry door. Counter tops are provided beside the sink and the range.

Convenience is the key word for this home. Every inch of space is utilised to the fullest advantage to produce an effect of spaciousness. The front door opens into a vestibule which has a handy closet, ready to hold coats and hats.

The good-sized living room features a fireplace and a large picture window. It is separated from the rest of the house by a hallway. At the right end of the hall is the kitchen and a cozy dinette. If the house is built without a basement, a utility room is substituted for the dinette.



WITHOUT A BASEMENT, there's a utility room. The nearby kitchen is efficiently arranged to save many steps and minutes for the cook.

New Ideas In Curtains

By PAMELA BLAKE

NEW and attractive designs in soft furnishings are finding their way to the stores.

For hard wear choose from heavy Welsh wool tweeds, heavy printed spun rayon, glazed linen or mercerised velvet. Some of the contemporary designs can be found in the utility range.

Velvet comes in nearly 20 different rich autumn shades, gives a warm look to a dull room. Vivid colour combinations, so popular in America, are also a feature of the autumn range.

A Test

Choose a design that is guaranteed first. One way of testing whether the dye will stand up to hard wear is by scratching the cloth with your finger nail to see if the yarn is dyed below the surface. If it is only patterned on the surface it will wear off.

If the pattern is very faint on the wrong side then it is not sufficiently impregnated with dye to stand up to hard wear.

The majority of rooms are plain rectangles but their box-like shape can be made more interesting by clever use of patterned soft furnishings. Break up the surface of the walls with patterned curtains. Stress the lines of the window with a pelmet and by the shape of the curtain. If you have a patterned wall-paper take special care about raking more pattern in your soft furnishings.

Choose large patterns for large rooms only. But remember that you view furnishings

mostly from the other side of the room and too small a pattern may lose its effect completely when judged from a distance. You can use a large pattern for a small room if some of its detail is small-scale.

It is the same for chair covers. When buying, remember the fabric is going to be cut up into relatively small pieces and stretched taut so that the pattern stands out clearly. See that your design is in proportion with the size of the chairs to be covered.

You could experiment with colour schemes by trying them out first on paper, but remember they will not look quite the same when hung from a window or spread on a chair.

White in a dark room looks chilly grey and pale pastel colours tend to blur into a vague haze or merge into the walls.

Use fresh, clear colours with bold, decorative effects—these look less bold and clear when hung from a window and the colour is then reduced. This is why it is advisable to line your curtains.

Remember that certain shades of blue and green look different under artificial light; many yellows are rendered almost colourless.

(World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service).

CRISP, COOL APPETISER SALADS

By ALICE DENHOFF

CRISPY cold appetisers add a pleasing touch to warm weather menus. So here is our quota, fresh out of the refrigerator!

●Anchovy Eggs with Fresh Tomato Mayonnaise is the first recipe. To serve 8, cut 4 hard cooked eggs in halves, lengthwise and remove yolks. Blend yolks, 4 tsp. anchovy paste and 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce until smooth. Refill egg whites; chill in automatic refrigerator. Place on toast rounds, the centre of which have been cut out with a smaller cutter. Cover with spoonful of tomato mayonnaise.

To prepare dressing, add to one c. mayonnaise, 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 c. chopped pimiento and one c. skinned, fresh tomatoes that have been chilled and cut into very small pieces, really shredded. Chill in refrigerator. Makes about 1 1/2 c. mayonnaise.

●Moulded Crabmeat Cocktails make a nice introduction to a party meal. To serve 6, soften 2 tsp. gelatin in 2 tsp. cold water. Add 3 tsp. hot lemon juice; dissolve. Cool slightly. Fold into the mixture in the

order given, one c. flaked crabmeat, 1/2 c. chili sauce and 1/2 c. mayonnaise. Turn into individual moulds. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmould on crisp lettuce.

●Deviled Eggs in Tomato Aspic is a nice number just now. To serve 6, cut 3 hard-cooked eggs in lengthwise halves, and remove yolks. Blend yolks with 1/2 c. cold water. Cook 1 1/2 c. minced or stewed tomatoes and 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 1/2 tsp. sugar, dash of paprika. Add 3 tsp. scraped onion for 10 min., then strain off liquid. Dissolve gelatin in the

hot liquid. Cool. Put deviled eggs in individual moulds (1/2 egg in each). Then pour tomato jelly over each. Chill in automatic refrigerator until firm. Unmould on crisp lettuce. Serve with additional mayonnaise.

●For a substantial appetiser salad add one c. grapefruit sections (cut in pieces), one c. shrimps (cut in pieces), 1/3 c. celery (diced) and 1/3 c. cucumber (diced) and 1/4 c. mayonnaise, adding in the order given. Chill in refrigerator. Serve on crisp lettuce garnished with small pimiento strips. Serves 6.

Your Sewing Scrapbook

Mother and Daughter Off-Shoulder Blouses

FESTIVE cotton blouses for mother and daughter can be made in a few hours. For mother, buy twice length from shoulder to waist plus 1/2 yd. for ruffle. For little daughter, buy shoulder to waist length plus 10" for ruffle.

Buy two 3-yd. packages of rick-rack in contrasting colours—the blouses shown are white.



Finish Armholes. French-seam blouse sides. Finish armholes with narrow hems.

Place wrong side of blouse over right side of ruffle, matching centre of blouse section to centre of ruffle. It and 1. Stitch edges together across blouse top, as shown.

Turn up ruffle and press seam, as at J. Bring ruffle to right side, making a fold 1 1/2" above seam.

Press fold. Stitch ruffle to blouse just below seam, as at K. Continue stitching across shoulder section and entirely around ruffle. Make second stitching 3/4" above first to make casing.

trimmed in pink and green—a spool of thread for each colour, elastic or tape for drawstrings.

Mother's blouse: Straighten fabric. Tear off two 8" crosswise strips for ruffles.

On blouse piece measure in from selvedge 1/2 bust plus 10"; tear off lengthwise strip. Fold blouse piece in half lengthwise. Mark centre of fold (A) and of selvedge (B).

On either side of A, measure 1/2 long fold the length from shoulder to waist. For armhole, measure in from selvedge 1/3 armhole (B-C).

Measure same amount to right and left of B for D and E. Mark curve as shown. Trim mother's blouse, except waist-side seam, starting 1 1/2" in at F.

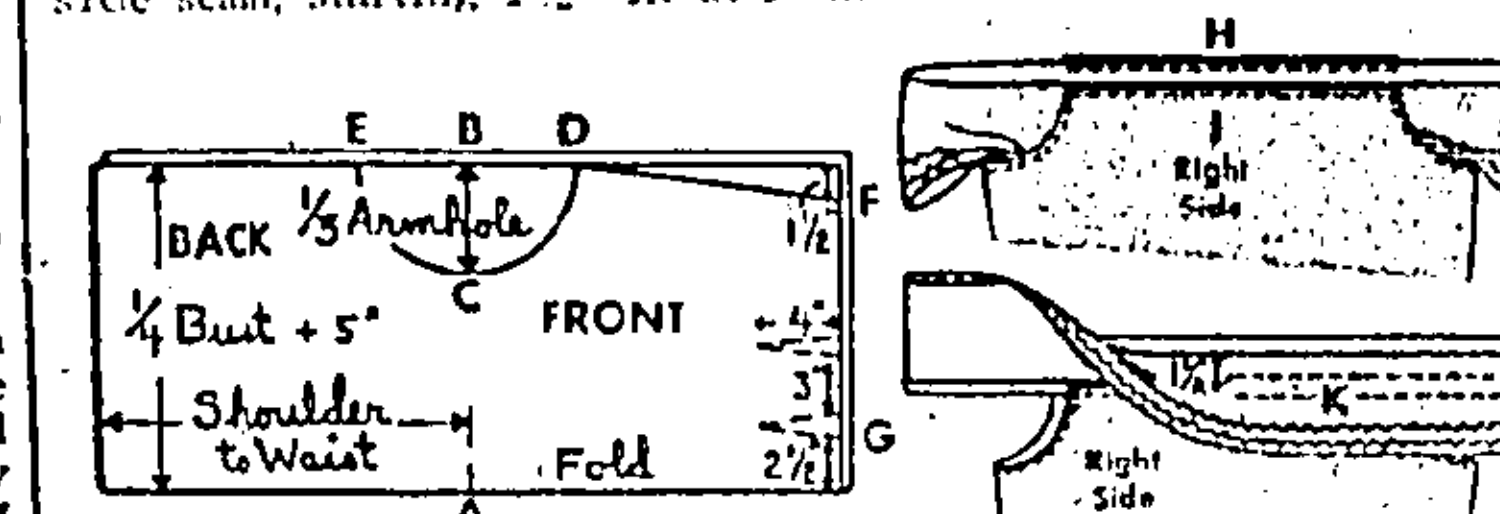
Buttonhole-type Opening. Work a buttonhole-type of opening at centre front of casing (on wrong side for elastic; right side for decorative drawstrings).

Stitch darts to shape waistline. Finish bottom edge with 1" hem casing and work an opening at centre front of it.

Gather at neckline and waistline with drawstrings or elastic, whichever is desired.

Child's blouse: Tear two 5" crosswise strips for ruffle. Same dimensions can be used for cutting, but allow only 5" to chest measure.

Make as mother's blouse, except waist-side line need not be darted.



MONDAY: A BUTTON-UP, FOUR-GORE SKIRT.

Baubling Over



Pierre Balmain combines, or confuses, baubles with bubbles for his accessory collection for autumn. Hollow plastic globes which can be filled with plain or coloured water—or with the wearer's favourite liqueur—are strung on gold for an eye-catching necklace, bracelet, ring and earring ensemble.

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DR Chang Tien-tse, who gave a talk at the Club Lusitano last week on Sino-Portuguese historical contacts. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MRS R. R. Todd distributing certificates to nurses of the Tung Wah Hospital at the annual graduation day last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MRS M. S. K. Maunsell distributing prizes at the conclusion of the annual Land Forces swimming sports last Saturday. Left: Pres G. Rosa Pereira and A. V. Lopes with the championship shield won by the Hongkong Regiment. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



TWO groups of old boys of Queen's College at the tiffin given by the QCOPA last Saturday at the Kwong Chow Restaurant. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



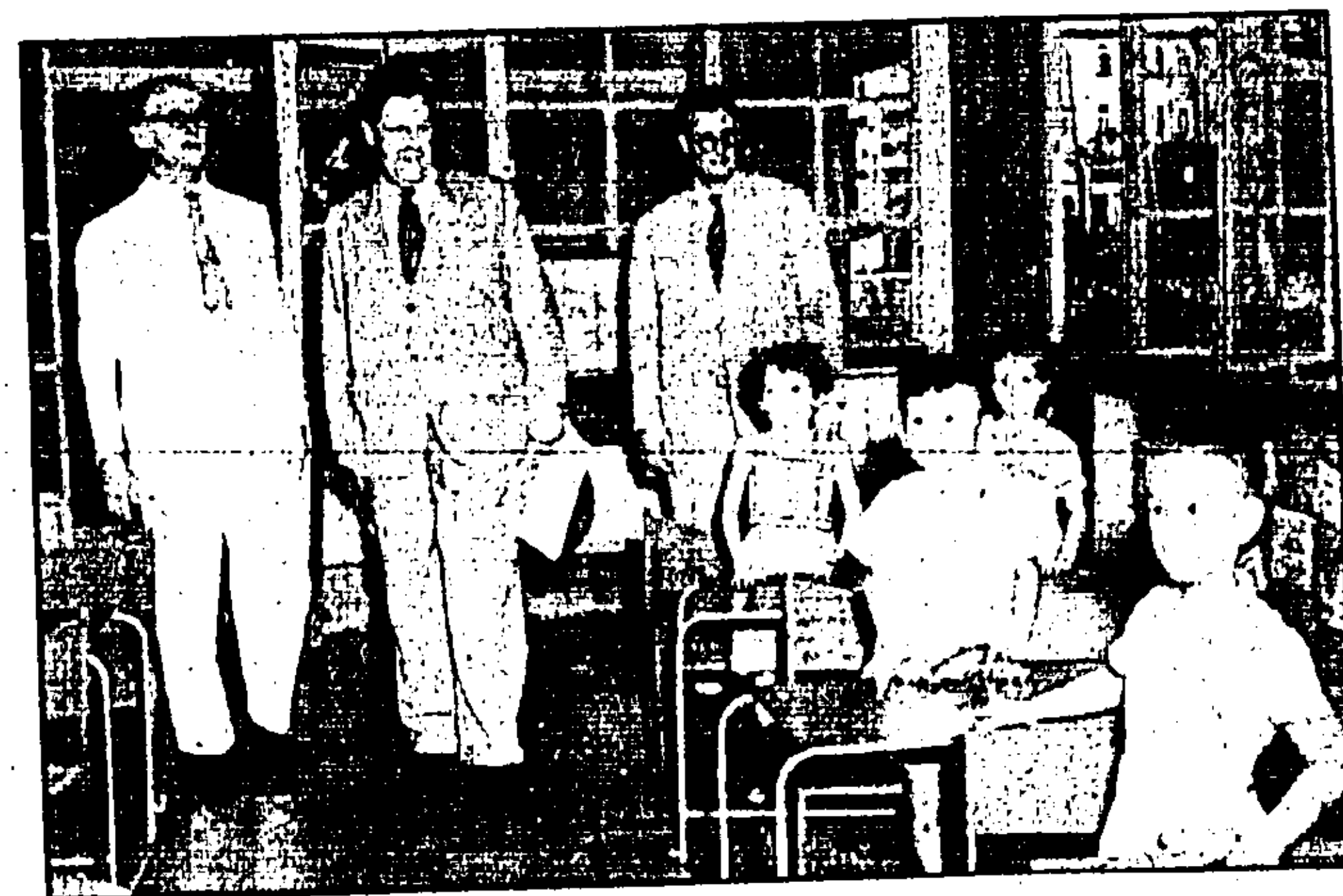
THE Acting Chief Justice, Mr Justice Williams, speaking at the laying of the foundation stone of the new Hongkong Anti-Tuberculosis Association headquarters building on Wednesday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of little Edith Susan Kuruneru (centre) at her second birthday party. Edith is the daughter of Mr and Mrs Andrew W. Kuruneru. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Geoffrey Aldington (extreme right), newly appointed Political Adviser to the Hongkong Government, with officials who met him on his arrival by plane on Wednesday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SIR Christopher Cox (second from left), Educational Adviser to the Colonial Office, inspecting the kindergarden at Royden House school on Wednesday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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MR and Mrs So Dou, who were married at the Registry last week. (Henry Mok)



MR Li Yung-shin and Miss Wu Ai-king, photographed at the Hongkong Hotel after their wedding. (Kam Sing)

NEW "SHORTIES"

LADIES' ALL WOOL SHORT COATS

FASHION STYLED

By

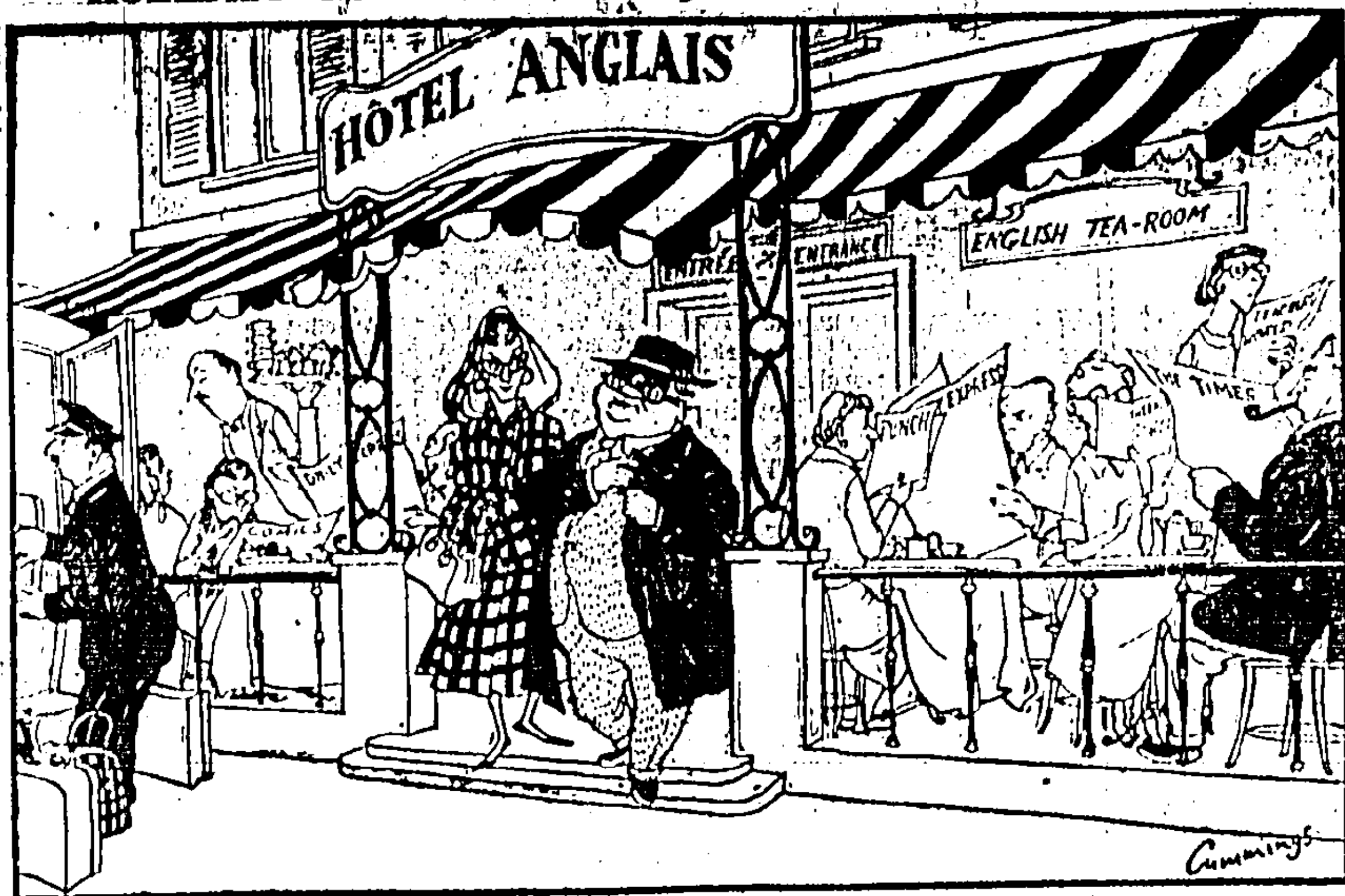
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London Express Service

THE KING'S MONEY

Poorer than any British monarch for 100 years

by SIDNEY RODIN

BRITAIN'S bill for the Monarchy this year will be just over £1,000,000 after the last maintenance repair is completed at the royal residences and after the most junior chambermaid at Buckingham Palace has received her wages.

The £1,000,000 enables the King to carry out the biggest job in the world as the man who binds together 560 million people in the British Commonwealth.

The bill has not varied much during three reigns.

How does it compare with the cost of the Presidency of the United States?

Although the Presidency is embellished with nothing like the ceremonial of the Crown, it does not work out so much cheaper. It costs £700,000.

NINE PALACES

PRESIDENT Truman's salary today is \$135,700 a year, following a rise last year of \$8,928. Of this he pays back about \$21,100 in taxes. But he receives in addition tax-free expenses amounting to \$32,150.

Running the White House with its staff of 30 cost \$95,000 last year. White House offices required another \$35,710.

How simple it sounds compared with the book-keeping necessitated by the pomp of monarchy.

In Britain nine royal palaces must be kept in structural repair by the State at a cost this year of £410,000.

Salaries and pensions for the royal household cost £134,000. Buckingham Palace alone has 260 domestic servants, and there are scores at the other residences.

To pay the living expenses of the household the King gets £152,800.

FIVE GRANTS

THE BURDEN of monarchy is shared by other members of the Royal Family, besides the King and Queen, and to five of them Parliament grants annuities totalling £161,000.

Queen Mary 70,000
Princess Elizabeth 40,000
Duke of Edinburgh 10,000
Duke of Gloucester 85,000
Princess Royal 6,000

The King himself receives a salary — his Privy Purse — of £110,000. It is the same as that paid to Edward VIII and George V.

Unlike President Truman's, the King's salary is tax free. But this year all but £36,054 of it really came from the King's pocket because he surrenders the revenue from his Duchy of Cornwall to help reduce the contribution from the Exchequer.

President Truman's monetary reward for guiding the destinies of 134 million people works out at £275 a week after tax is paid.

For a job nearly four times the size, extending over an empire infinitely more complex, the King is paid by as £693 a week.

But the comparison is not as favourable to the King as it sounds.

For the Sovereign is forced every year to dip deeper into his own pocket to sustain the splendour of his exalted office.

Almost every year since the war charges for labour and materials have risen steeply. Yet, except for a £50,000 annual grant voted to him in 1948 towards the cost of the family's private suites at the palaces, no additional help has come from the Treasury.

PAYING BILLS

THE King must defray out of his £152,800 household expense allotment all the decorating, plumbing, furnishing, and interior repair bills which accumulate at that party of the palace reserved exclusively for the use of royalty.

At Buckingham Palace the King pays for all electricity, gas, and water except that used for lighting and washing down the courtyards.

At Windsor Castle the State pays for all the water — even the royal bath water — and since 1947 at both the Palace and Windsor for all electric lamps.

Taxpayers pay for cleaning the outside of the windows at both places, but the King pays for cleaning them inside.

The King has fought the battle of soaring costs by drawing on savings made in his Civil List during the

war and, with those savings now nearly exhausted by using his own funds.

The bill for the Monarchy therefore must be well in excess of the account settled by the nation.

Largely as a result of this, and because the King pays the full rate of tax (up to 19s. 6d. in the £) on all investment income, his personal fortune is believed to have shrunk so that he is far worse off than any of his predecessors since Victoria came to the Throne.

He has made heavy financial sacrifices. His father, George V., so commemorated during the 1914 War that he gave to the Exchequer £100,000 and made equal contributions to war charities.

He became so short of cash to meet expenses in 1921 that Parliament authorised the realisation of £100,000 from the Duchy of Lancaster — part of the King's hereditary estates.

Again, in the 1931 crisis, George V. voluntarily cut his Civil List by £50,000.

GIVEN BACK

AT THE end of the last war the present King handed back £20,000 and has given another £100,000 of wartime Civil List savings to pay for four years the increment in Princess Elizabeth's allowance granted by Parliament on her marriage.

The King is hard pressed to pay his personal wealth. His most paying possession is the Sandringham estate, valued recently at £17,000,000 and valued locally at £1,000,000. The 15 farms are run on a sound commercial basis.

Similarly the Duchy of Lancaster, producing a revenue of about £90,000 from property in London and the North, helps to replenish the royal coffers.

Of course, if the King could sell his heirlooms he would stand high in the list of Britain's multi-millionaires. He owns Balmoral, an 80,000-acre estate worth £500,000.

He has the world's finest private collection of pictures, 500 of them valued in 1940 at £2,000,000.

His stamp collection is worth upwards of £500,000.

The King is owner of Ascot racecourse, but takes no profit from it. More than 50 "grace and favour" residences ranging from mansions like Clarence House to small park lodges, are the Sovereign's, but he lets them out rent free to public servants and their dependants.

NOTHING FREE

HE holds, too, the title deeds of the Crown Lands, but the revenues were long ago surrendered to the State.

The King and Queen pay for almost everything they require. They may accept nothing free, but the only exception that

doesn't cost them money is a naval vessel or a plane of the King's Flight.

The King has cut down his personal expenditure very considerably.

He is an enthusiastic racehorse owner, but he makes racing pay. From 1946 to 1949 his prize-money was £37,150. Even his shooting at Sandringham has netted a profit by the part sale of the bag.

Is there any member of the family who has more ready cash than the King?

It is widely believed that Queen Mary is very rich. Pre-war her fortune was assessed at £2,000,000, much of it left by Queen Victoria and willed to her by George V.

Since 1936 her annuities drawn from the State have totalled £300,000.

The Treasury will take a huge sum from her in death duties, for these are paid by all royalty, except the Sovereign.

THE DUKE

THE Duke of Windsor enjoyed the income from the Duchy of Cornwall for 25 years as Prince of Wales when taxes were low.

In 1927, for example, the duchy yielded £72,017. When he left, Britain's personal wealth must have totalled some hundreds of thousands of pounds.

He gained nothing when he renounced the throne. Because he held that Sandringham and Balmoral were an inseparable part of the Monarchy, the eye of the people he voluntarily gave them to his brother.

Publication of his memoirs throughout the world has so far brought him nearly £180,000.

One of the worst-off among royalty is the Duchess of Kent. Although carrying out a heavy routine of public duties she gets no money from the State other than her £300 pension as the widow of an air commodore with three children.

When the Duke died in this rank on active R.A.F. service in 1942 he left £157,735. Most of it is in trust for his elder son, now aged 14.

Pictures and antiques which belonged to her husband were sold by the Duchess in 1947 for £22,341. The following year she sold books for £1,022.

The most important possessions remaining to her are Coppings, her house in Buckinghamshire, which she is not selling, and some magnificent jewellery.

PRINCESSES

SINCE their marriage Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh have been receiving from Parliament £50,000 a year — all but £5,000 tax free. But it is doubtful if they are able to save. The department of the Privy Purse asked on the Princess's behalf for another £5,000 a year as the minimum on which she can run her household.

The Duchess of Gloucester, came from a wealthy family. Her father, the Duke of Buccleuch, left £274,482 in 1937.

But the poor little rich girl among royalty is Princess Margaret. She has no money for herself until next August, when she becomes 21. Then the State will give her £20,000 a year.



by EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

LONDON. ON September 23 Lord Carnegie, son of the Earl of Southesk, will come of age.

There will be a celebration ball at his home, Kinraddie Castle, Brechin, close to the Queen's old home, Glamis.

Invitations have gone out, but to all inquiries at the castle the reply is "no publicity."

Although Lord Carnegie is little in the limelight, he is one of the most eligible bachelors in Britain.

His mother was famous in her day as Princess Maud. His grandmother was

Princess Louise, daughter of King Edward VII, and wife of the first Duke of Fife.

On coming of age, Lord Carnegie will take over his mother's considerable fortune, left entirely in trust for him.

But there is greater heritage to come. His aunt is Duchess of Fife, the former Princess Arthur of Connaught.

The dukedom of Fife, and no doubt the greater part of the wealth that goes with it, as well as his father's earldom, will one day fall to this young man who ended his period of National Service as a Guards private in Malaya last year.

From his earliest childhood he has been a friend of Princess Margaret and Princess Elizabeth.

£10,000 clothes

FROM Paris, preparing for the autumn season, I have news of the fabulous sums spent on clothes by some of the city's best-dressed women.

Heading the list of big spenders is a grandmother, Princess May de Lucigne. She is over 60, looks a chic 40, and spends up to £10,000 a year on her wardrobe.

Others in the same grand class are the Comtesse Jeanne de Chavagnac, a leader of Paris fashion for 25 years, and Madame Rubio, famous for wearing the largest single square diamond ring in Paris.

It is encouraging to find that two of the best-dressed women in Paris met by the comparatively modest expenditure of only about £1,000 a year. They are the young Maxine, Comtesse de la Falaise — daughter of painter Oswald Birley — and Vicomtesse Benoit d'Arly.

Acres dwindle

TALL, floridly good-looking silver-haired and 62, the fifth Duke of Sutherland still leads an active life — active enough to travel widely between the

South of France, the North of Scotland, London, and South Africa.

But the 21,000 acres of Highland moor which make up his Pressady estate no longer attract him as they did in the days when, a crack shot, he could drop a galloping stag at several hundred yards range.

Three times in seven years it has been announced that the duke will sell Pressady — once in 1943, once last March, and once again last week.

And this time a further 77,000 Scottish acres have been tossed into the auction ring.

The duke has no children, and his second duchess, whom he married in 1944, prefers the Cote d'Azur to Scotland's rough and rugged northern coastline.

Together

THERE was much controversy over the choice of a Frenchman — Raymond Sommer — to drive the British Racing Motor.

It is typical of him that he has taken no part in the war, and uttered no word of complaint after the B.R.M.'s debacle at Silverstone — when it broke down on the starting grid.

For Sommer (44), tall, gay, and debonair in his darling blue overalls and helmet to match, is one of the best-liked men in Grand Prix racing, and is unsurpassed as a sportsman.

He is a rich man with a fine home in Paris, buys his own cars, and races for the fun of it. But he is always willing to put his own interests in the background and work for a team.

At Monza, a friend asked him:—

"What are your hobbies?"

Said Sommer: "First, looking after my wife; then motor racing. That is my life."

The two go together, for Madame Sommer, a pretty, dark-haired woman, attends every meeting with her husband.

Fetch and carry

OFF the U.S. with Foreign Secretary Bevin, was Mr M. E. Denning, head of the Foreign Office Far East Department.

Before leaving, Mr Denning talked of a personal problem. When he went to Colombo for the Empire Conference last January he took with him many belongings, believing that he was destined for a post in the Far East. Now that seems unlikely.

He piles between London and the U.S. His goods and chattels lie at Colombo.

And he has only one way to get them back, without paying duty and taxes: to go to Colombo and fetch them home himself.

(London Express Service)

Design For Living

By C.V.R. Thompson

NEW YORK.

DR Norbert Wiener, one of America's back-room boys, has predicted that another world war would bring robots instead of men and women to the factory bench.

He said the automatic factory is already a possibility. And the only reason we do not have them yet is that there is no real necessity.

But Dr Wiener argued that a new war would create that necessity, because millions more men would be needed for the fighting fronts and for occupation purposes.

Under such pressure, he said, we could convert at least half our industry to robots within three years. What he calls "the second industrial revolution" will come anyway, he thinks, within about 20 years. And he is disturbed that nothing has been done to make mankind ready for it.

"Unless it is to be disastrous," he says, "the great electronic revolution must be coupled with a great educational programme, to prepare men for living which we hardly do now."

programme" for which President Truman asked: "Americans must make the choice of tightening their belts or running the risk of losing their pants."

BOYCOTT. Bartenders say that they can no longer sell bottles of lager brewed in Czechoslovakia.

EDUCATION: The University of Georgia will include in this year's correspondence studies a course on how to make out income-tax returns.

FORCES: General Mark Clark, chief of America's ground forces, promised that army recruits will now be ready "for the most brutal kind of warfare" after six months of training.

WEATHER. Dr Vincent Schaeffer, the first scientist to produce a man-made snowstorm, has found something else for UNO to do. He wants a special commission formed to use scientists all over the world to regulate the weather.

TEST: Dr Otto Klineberg, mind doctor, wants a panel of experts to examine the heads of all men who win elections, and only those classified as "normal" would be allowed to take office.

SHOW BUSINESS: Only once during their voyage to America was the weather calm enough for Flora Robson and the cast of "Black Clinton" to rehearse under the sky, aboard the "Partita." And then the rehearsal was broken up because a whale was sighted.



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IS IT BIGAMY

—to love work more than wife?

A HUSBAND has written to **CANON WARNER** challenges a too-busy husband

tell me that he has been married nine months, during which time he has been working very long hours, turning home tired and depressed.

"One evening," he says, "I lost my temper over a trifling matter, and told my wife that she could get out, if she wanted to. I did not mean it, for I am very much in love with her. She took me at my word, and is now living with her parents. Her father refuses to allow me to get into touch with her at all, demanding back her share of the wedding presents. It's all so stupid and unreasonable."

Now, of course, he wants to get his wife back. This is what I have told him:

Married life began, for you, with bigamy—you were married to your work and to your bride, and that sort of thing doesn't last long. No wonder your wife would not stand for it. One or the other has to go.

I don't mean you have got to stop work. You've got to stop putting the claims of your job in competition with the rights of your wife. If a man has to be absorbed with "getting on" at his job that his long office hours present his wife each evening with a chewed bit of string instead of with a husband, he ought to postpone his wedding.

A husband and a wife should be first and foremost companions for each other. You must have a wife who is not shattered by your wife's hopes about her marriage. Then you added bad temper on top of it all.

YOU did not offer her emotional security, and she hadn't the pluck to stand on her own feet. So she has returned to the security of childhood's memories.

Before you next write to her, replace your professional work. Cut out the unessentials. The intangible values of love and home far outweigh a hefty bank balance.

When you have done this, tell her. If her father still blocks the way, get the help of an experienced counsellor to make contact.

Ought I to divorce my husband to give the child a name? If I don't, I feel certain my husband and I can start again. He thinks so, too. But he can't see which way to turn."

IF it ever became the "done thing" for a wife to release her husband when an illegitimate child was involved, what chaos there would be. Every unscrupulous woman would have put into her hand a deadly weapon. She would know that any married man was fair game if she succeeded in having a child by him.

In such a society, children would be born in conditions of depravity. Settled home-life would be undermined. Alternatively, the threat of blackmail would hang like a black cloud over home after home. You strike me as a woman wanting sincerely to help the child. You have lost your own. Could you and your husband not adopt him? Are you big enough to do this?

—(London Express Service)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE... By JON HOPE

PROPHET ABROAD

Have United States security officials been told to study Bernard Newman's books?

In his novel, "Shoot," published ten months ago, Newman describes the explosion in New York of an atom bomb taken there by a Russian submarine, and set off by a Communist fanatic. Now American Customs men are boarding foreign ships as they enter the three-mile limit and searching them for atom bombs.

Fighting in Korea also features in the story. The outcome? The Communist regime in the north disintegrates, a United Korea is proclaimed.

Newman—on a month's cycling tour of the Continent—is pedalling around Oberammergau.

Well, Peterson planned a week's stay in London to celebrate the choice of "Behold Thy Daughter" as Evening Standard book of the month. But his visit lasted only a few hours. Sudden illness of his wife meant a speedy return to Coupar Angus.

Here is another Neil who has a Book of the Month to his credit. Neil Gunn. Until 1937—when his "Highland River" was the Evening Standard June winner—he had been, like Burns, an Excelsior man. But since then he has been able to devote himself entirely to writing. His next publication—by Faber, in September—will be a collection of short stories titled "The White Hour." Gunn lives in Rosshire not far from Eric Linklater.

Stoke-on-Trent Council are considering a proposal to convert Arnold Bennett's house into a museum. Why do they hesitate? It is high time there was a fitting memorial to the man who immortalised the Potteries. They should bestir themselves.

More of this and—HEMINGWAY HAS HAD IT

Star Book of the Day by WILLIAM GRACE

IF any writer might have been expected to create the great novel of World War II, it is Ernest Hemingway, whose "Across the River and into the Trees" (Cape, 9s. 6d.) is published simultaneously this week in Britain and America.

The world has awaited it avidly, believing that it might be worth settling on the shelf beside Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and Zola's "La Débâcle."

For Hemingway is the most famous living writer, and the highest paid. (Hollywood gave \$25,000 for one short story.) He worked five years on this book, his first for ten years. He was equipped for the job, both as man and writer. In World War II, he was far more than a reporter. He saw action on land, sea, and in the air.

In the Caribbean he chased U-boats in his 40ft. cabin cruiser, armed with high explosives and bazookas. He flew on RAF ops.

In Normandy he roared 60 miles ahead of the American Army. His aggressive soldiering with the Maquis in occupied Paris led to a formal charge of misconduct—and the Bronze Star.

VIOLENCE

I AM and always have been a soldier," he once said. It is true.

All his books are first-hand reports on brutal action and violent death. "A Farewell to Arms" was his World War I service in Italy (he still wears an aluminium knee-cap as a result). "For Whom the Bell Tolls," on civil war guerrilla days in Spain.

To report on this age of carnage, Hemingway invented a harsh, clipped, aggressive style, strictly supervised by early Montparnasse friends Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound.

Admirers called it the hardest-hitting prose of the century. Critics sniffed at his swaggering amid a welter of drink, lust, and blood, at characters who talked like sub-normal oar-outriggers.

They suspected a soft, sentimental centre. "Come out from behind the hairs on your chest, Hemingway! We know you."

And now what should have been the explosion of a literary howitzer goes off with a dismal phut. His new book is about as loud as it could be.

Hemingway takes as hero a war-battered colonel and writes him into a prettified and utterly unreal love story which looks like an embarrassing hunk of wishful thinking.

War only gets into the book at second-hand, when this soldier bears witness of his rage against the British and the brass-hats of all nations, while grumbling in bed with his mistress.

IN VENICE

THE scene is Venice, 1940. The colonel fought here in 1918, returned after the second war, having helped to liberate Paris and cross the Rhine. He is just over 50, has had several wives, one a "warco," but no daughter.

Only drugs and drink keep the colonel going. At life's end, he wants to die here with his three loves: Venice, duck-shooting in the marshes, and his

girl. She is a wealthy 18-year-old confessor, "staining in her youth and tall striding beauty."

"Kiss me once again, and make the buttons of your uniform hurt me, but not too much," says this dream dummy.

"I wish we could be married and have five sons," the colonel said.

"So do I," the girl said. "And send them to the five corners of the world."

"Are there five corners to the world?"

"I don't know," she said. It sounded as though there were when I said it. And now we are having fun again, aren't we?"

"Yes, Daughter," the colonel said. (He had always wanted a daughter.)

This sleazy couple mauls back and forth between Harry's Bar and the Grill Hotel, hanging on his opinions of four British cousins, who could not fight their way out of a wet tissue-paper.

Of Montgomery, spat upon as a lardy show-off. Bedell Smith is a "high-pressure salesman," Leclerc "another jerk of the third or fourth water," the U.S. Government "the dregs...you find in the bottom of beer-glasses."

Only Rommel is admired. And the P.B.I., sent in thousands to needless death by ignorant brutes miles behind the lines. With asterisks to mark absences...

Having shot his mouth, the colonel kisses his girl and goes off to shoot ducks. He dies soon after.

ACRID WIT

THERE are glimpses of merit. The elegant loveliness of Venice in winter. A hint of the hideous size and din of war, and the pity and anger the author felt. A touch of acrid wit.

"Almost any liar writes more convincingly than the man who was there," says the colonel. Hemingway was there with his alert senses and dare-all courage.

But instead of recreating what he saw—the savage impact of battle on the brain and a new of living character—he has lazily settled for a man in a hideous girl-hungry mood, eking it out with his old dumb-ox philosophy, and some of the worst writing he has ever signed.

The field is wide open for that great war novel.

—(London Express Service)

COMMUNIST LAND 'REFORM' IN KOREA

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

LAND reform is the banner cry, the battle slogan of the North Korean Communist invaders. What then are the known facts about the Communist reforms?

Both during and after the Soviet occupation of Northern Korea (north of the 38th Parallel), certain agrarian measures were undertaken by the Communist authorities. What was done amounted to the initial stage of an agrarian revolution, closely following the example of the expropriation of land-owners in the first years following the Soviet October Revolution of 1917.

By decree of the North Korean Peoples Government and the Presidium of the Peoples Supreme Assembly, all landlords were summarily expropriated. Only small farmsteads and properties titled by the farmer himself were exempt. The system of tenancy was abolished together with all forms of debts, taxes and charges existing out of the loan or purchase of land from a former land-owner.

In the earlier stages of the North Korean invasion of the South, the Presidium of the Peoples Assembly decreed (July 4) that the basic (Northern) laws of "land reform" were to be enforced "in

the Southern half of the Republic."

The decree states that only those "who can till land by their own labour are qualified to possess land." It furthermore promised that "the distributed land will be the eternal possession of the farmers who have received it." This decree, passed and enforced in the midst of battle, also stipulates that "all forms of land tax and charges shall be abolished." But obviously it adds that "Farmers shall pay tax in kind to the State at the same rate as in the Northern half of the Republic."

In short: In all parts of Korea where, at the moment, Communist authorities are in control a revolutionary redistribution of the land has been carried out.

★

There is no doubt that this agrarian revolution was at first welcomed by large numbers of the landless or impoverished land proletariat in Northern Korea. Its introduction, under generally chaotic conditions, in the battle-torn areas of the South, is much too recent to gauge the reaction of the villagers and poor peasants.

In the South, the legitimate authorities had been preparing land reform based on recognition of tillers' rights. What the invaders have imposed is something quite different—wholesale expropriation without any recognition of the inalienable interests of the peasants.

In the North, where the "reform" measures have been in operation for some time, there is much evidence of growing dissatisfaction and disappointment.

The peasants have seen its fraudulent nature and recognise that, instead of being better off, their standard of living has decreased immeasurably. Fears that the "re-allocation" of land may not be permanent and that their own plot may be taken from them at any time are ever present; their waiting hours have been lengthened and many of their rights have been taken away. It cannot be long before the South Korean peasant also realises the worth of the Communist "reforms."

The redistribution of the land—which is regarded as final by the authorities—was carried out hastily and by ad hoc Communist-controlled "Peoples Committees." The application of the North Korean agrarian decree to the

South Korean occupied areas is too obviously propagandist for it to be a convincing piece of social reform. The so-called "Peoples Committees" take no account of the humanity and justice of certain aspects of existing relationships, or of the real popular wishes. Many injustices necessarily occurred which can no longer be rectified.

Though the old forms of loan and mortgage repayments and rent to the landlord were abolished, they were quickly replaced by new burdens which, in many cases, turned out to be heavier than the old ones. The former landlord has, in fact, been replaced by a much more powerful and ruthless overlord in the form of the State.

★

Under a show of interest in protecting the farmers' rights and relieving them of heavy imposts, what the new law does in fact is to take away altogether the basic attributes of ownership, and reduces the holder of the land to a state of unprotected servitude vis-à-vis the Communist authorities.

Non-delivery of the quotas of grain and other produce is punishable with confiscation and redistribution of the "eternally possessed" land. The compulsory deliveries (including many supplementary levies

for the armed forces or "to supply economic needs of the new State") are felt to be a much more fearsome form of taxation burdening the individual farmer. All the more so since the Government's assessment of the quotas to be delivered is invariably (and often quite unreasonably) based on what the land ought to yield and not on its actual produce.

The burden of this new taxation and growing doubts in the security of possession are therefore the main basis of the growing discontent and the original enthusiasm has begun to turn into fear and apprehension.

The greatest fear—not unreasonably—is that the present phase of land confiscation and redistribution is but an initial phase and possibly one of short duration.

If the Communist forces were to establish a permanent rule over the whole of Korea, how long would it be before the Communist rulers decided that the country was "ripe" for the next step towards a wholly Socialist agriculture, and enforce wholesale compulsory collectivization as happened in Soviet Russia in the late 20's and early 30's and as is already happening in some parts of Communist China?

Few North Koreans believe that they would be spared the same fate.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Labour Day

By KEMP STARRETT



Week-end Softball

THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON THE MADCAPS-ST. TERESA'S MEETING TOMORROW

BY "STARDUST"

Good softball fare should be seen this week-end at King's Park with a programme of 11-games scheduled. The 11-games will all be close fights. There will be three Men's Senior League tilts, five in the Men's Junior Loop and three in the Ladies' circuit.

The spotlight is focused on the Madcaps—St. Teresa's encounter on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 p.m. sharp and fans can be assured of a photo-finish as these two teams cross bats. The best game in the Ladies' division will be the Canuckettes-Pirates frays this afternoon at 4 p.m.

The Merry Madcaps, under the management of Buster Hollands, have been holding regular pre-season workouts and are rarin' to go. They have a new battery combination in Kelly Silva-Netto and ex-Jaguars back-stopper Frankie "Samba" Correa. These two will most probably bear the brunt of the Madcaps' defence for the current season.

The Madcaps have always been severe threats to the perennial contenders and have high hopes of securing the flag this season. They have plenty of outfield talent such as Renato Sequera, last year's Senior Batting Champion, ex-baseballer Gussy Rosario, and ex-Jaguar Ollie Vas. Their infield is still intact as last year and it will be difficult to get anything past this tight defence.

St. Teresa's, with Tony Gonzales as mentor, have strengthened their team for the current season's pennant race. They have secured the services of stylist "Spuddy" Notta, a grizzled short-stop, who is making a comeback in local softball.

With the same squad which saw action last year, plus the new additions, St. Teresa's will be a hard nut to crack and the Merry Madcaps will have to give of their best if they desire a victory.

Their battery of Joey Franco and Tony Gonzales is third in none in the Senior League. They have a youthful side and are quick on the base-paths. If they can get off to an early lead in this tilt, it will be a hard afternoon's work for the Madcaps to come out on top.

DOC'S PLAYBOYS

In the other two Senior Loop games, "Doc" Molten's "Playboy" Baseballers should have

Arthur Peall says: FIRST SHOT PROBLEMS AT SNOOKER

A GAME of snooker beginning with a powerful shot, the first shot, is a real test of a player's skill. The first shot is a real test of a player's skill.

Next man plays from where white rests. When a player misses a shot, the opponent has the right to play from where the cue ball rests.

When a player misses a shot, the opponent has the right to play from where the cue ball rests. This may take a red and leave a break on, but the real purpose of the shot is to open up the game and give a handy opponent no chance to trap the expert's fast-scoring style.

Experts give you the best of the best. Aim for the red pyramid base and leave white touching bank cushion.

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ALEX JAMES ★ STANLEY MATTHEWS ★ ★ ANDY CUNNINGHAM ★

whose playing careers have spanned the great days of British Soccer, tell you the Gossip and the Inside Stories in their weekly column—

SOCCER — NEWS

A famous manager has complained to the FA about the dangerous tackling of a full-back in a League side. He didn't pull his punches. With the protest went the record of the player.

There have been several broken legs in games in which the player was concerned.

The vicious tackle "over the ball" is the weapon of a few players who won't admit when they are licked.

With knee bunched up before coming down in a wicked jab, they make the tackle knowing that they may well maim the other fellow.

Maybe it isn't always too apparent. Referees must be warned. Players and managers must have the courage to take action to black-list the guilty men out of football.

The FA can only act when cases are brought to their notice.

Several clubs would like Charlie Adams, the Leicester left winger, but Charlie still has not resigned for City.

Adam plans to go into business and hoped to play as a part-timer. Hitch in the business plans may bring a change of mind. There's no friction between club and player.

The only thing wrong with football, says one famous manager, is that there are too many players who should be paying 1s. 3d. at the gate.

The only thing wrong with the English international team, says another, is that they have been coached.

Billy McCandless, the Swansea manager, piped on the west by Leicester for "Buller" Lever, hopes to persuade a clever, to part with Billy Hughes, their Welsh international full-back.

Ronnie Burgess, the Spurs skipper, is looking ahead. He works as a voluntary assistant in the club office.

Looks as if Ronnie aims at football management later.

Two representatives of a Midlands side were politely escorted from the board-room of another League club last week.

Seems they didn't agree with the home manager. There won't be any more transfer talk for a spell.

Scouts busy watching Cliff Holton (centre forward) and Ray Daniels (centre half) in the Arsenal reserves, are waiting their time.

Tom Whitaker won't part at any price.

Public are excluded from all Notts County training sessions and trials at Meadow-lane. There is a gatekeeper now to keep out unbidden watchers.

County want to keep their tactical move to themselves and to scotch rumours.

Too often friendly bantering between players at these informal trials is maliciously construed as bickering by rumour-mongers.

When Tommy Johnson, the Nottingham Forest inside forward, went out of the side with an injury, he knew it wouldn't be easy to get back.

No ill-feeling there. Tom turned up to the ground for

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

This week-end's programme is as follows:

SATURDAY
Men's Senior League
At 2.30 p.m.—St. Teresa's v. Delaware (Plate Umpire, Umbo Moore, Scorer, Eddie Lourenco)
Griffins v. South China (Plate Umpire, Dimbi Abiang, Scorer, Samet Samy)

At 4 p.m.—Blackhawks v. Mustangs (Plate Umpire, Manuel Remedios, Scorer, Tony Kwok)
Ladies League
At 4 p.m.—Canadians v. Pirates (Plate Umpire, Hal Wingle, Scorer, Dimbi Abiang)

SUNDAY
Men's Senior League
At 11.30 a.m.—Overseas v. P. I. Dodgers (Plate Umpire, Y. C. Mei, Scorer, Roberto Nunes)
At 2.30 p.m.—Madcaps v. St. Teresa's (Plate Umpire, Don Robbins, Scorer, Samet Samy)

At 4 p.m.—Baseballers v. Panthers (Plate Umpire, Buster Hollands, Scorer, Manuel Nunes)
Men's Junior League
At 10 a.m.—Pandas v. Spartans (Plate Umpire, Cesar Xavier, Scorer, Eddie Lourenco)
At 1 p.m.—Wildfires v. Texans (Plate Umpire, Tony Kwok, Scorer, Bernard Silva)

Ladies League
At 10 a.m.—St. Teresa's v. White Fangs (Plate Umpire, Y. C. Mei, Scorer, Roberto Nunes)
At 1 p.m.—Squaws v. Clovers (Plate Umpire, H. Woodson, Scorer, Hal Wingle)

The umpires listed above are requested to not? Umpire-in-chief E. D. Robbins (Tel. No. 26333) or the Hon. Secretary (Tel. No. 26333) immediately, if unable to handle their games.

EDITED BY...
James Connolly

at £1,500, will join Johnny Stein (Ablon Rovers) at Llanelli. The Southern League club have offered him £12 a week.

Everton scouts have been looking for a full-back. Everton should make a bid this week for an experienced Scot.

—(London Express Service)

—(London Express Service)

BUMPERS? WE CAN BOWL THEM BACK

Says ALAN HOBY

The most pilloried team in cricket history, the side which has evoked more defeatist whimpers and blubberings than any other, has sailed for Australia.

"They haven't a hope," sneer the cynics. "They'll get the biggest thrashing of all time. Here is one journey which isn't really necessary," jeer the know-alls.

I ask you, what a send-off! How miserably mean can we get!

Maybe on paper they haven't a chance. Maybe there isn't a Larwood, a Tate, a Jardine or a Hedley Verity among them—but they haven't lost yet and they're better than the moaners think.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE

So give them a hand. Stop the weeping and wailing. It's undignified and un-British. Instead, let's give this grossly slandered side some ENCOURAGEMENT.

If our Test men get nuttishly fit, if they FIGHT and FIELD with the all-out will-to-win spirit from the first ball—well, nothing is impossible, as our athletes proved in Brussels.

STREET OF STARS

By a strange coincidence Harry McShane, Bolton's Scottish winger, was born in the same street in Bellshill, near Glasgow, as Matt Busby, the Manchester United manager.

Busby, seeking a replacement for Charlie Mitten, now in Bogota, where he is reported to be opening a dog track as a sideline to his Soccer, likes the football ability of his stocky little townsman.

Worth noting that Alex James and Hughie Gallacher also came from Bellshill.

Bolton want an exchange deal, preferably with a full-back. Wolves are in the bidding with United.

Everton scouts have been looking for a full-back. Everton should make a bid this week for an experienced Scot.

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THE ONCE OVER



Welterweight Champion "Sugar Ray" Robinson, left, squares off with Charley Fusari at the weigh-in prior to the welterweight title bout of which Robinson was easy winner.

WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION "SUGAR RAY" ROBINSON, left, squares off with Charley Fusari at the weigh-in prior to the welterweight title bout of which Robinson was easy winner.

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FOR EXAMPLE...FOUR WAYS TO TRAP A BALL

1. A dropping ball directly in front. ANGLE formed between the sole of the player's foot and the ground.

2. A ball dropping obliquely. ANGLE formed between the inside of the foot and the ground.

3. Trapping and dribbling. ANGLE between outside of foot and ground.

4. Breasting down a ball. ANGLE formed between the body bent forward and the ground.

NOW READ BILLY WRIGHT'S ADVICE:

When I first joined Wolverhampton Football Club I spent hours on my own, practising. I used to go down under the stand nearly every day, trying to make my left foot as strong and reliable as my right.

Practice, and yet more practice, is how the football skills are developed.

One of the most essential parts of a wing half-back's "trade" is to have this use of two good feet—kicking with both feet and with accuracy.

Most players, when starting, have one foot stronger than the other. This has to be put right immediately.

I was naturally a right-footed player before I really "got down to it." Nowadays I am equally at home on either wing.

But strength in kicking is only one thing. To give direction to the ball you must learn to kick with your instep; and, for greater accuracy still, when passing, with the side on the foot.

"Reliable feet" are all-important, too, when it comes to trapping the ball.

During a match the ball comes at you from different angles, and at different heights, and at varying speeds.

Unless you can bring it instantly under control, so that it lies pat at your feet, you will be lost in first-class football.

PRACTISE IT

Realise this—no matter from what angle or from what height the ball is moving towards you, you can only "kill it"—that is stop its movement entirely—by

—(London Express Service)

THE GAMBOLS

WELL, MY GAMBOL, I'M ONLY DOING ONE "DAILY" ON MY MOMENT.

ON NO MUM, NO COOKING, AND NO WASHING OR SCROBBING.

BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE SHOULD GET ON TOGETHER EVER SO WELL. YOU SEE—

REALLY, WELL—IF YOU CAN START TOMORROW MORNING—I'LL DO THE "ROUGH WORK" MYSELF AND FREE YOU IN THE CHA!

COULD YOU AND I GO TO THE GYM?

WELL, MY GAMBOL, I'M ONLY DOING ONE "DAILY" ON MY MOMENT.

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PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS

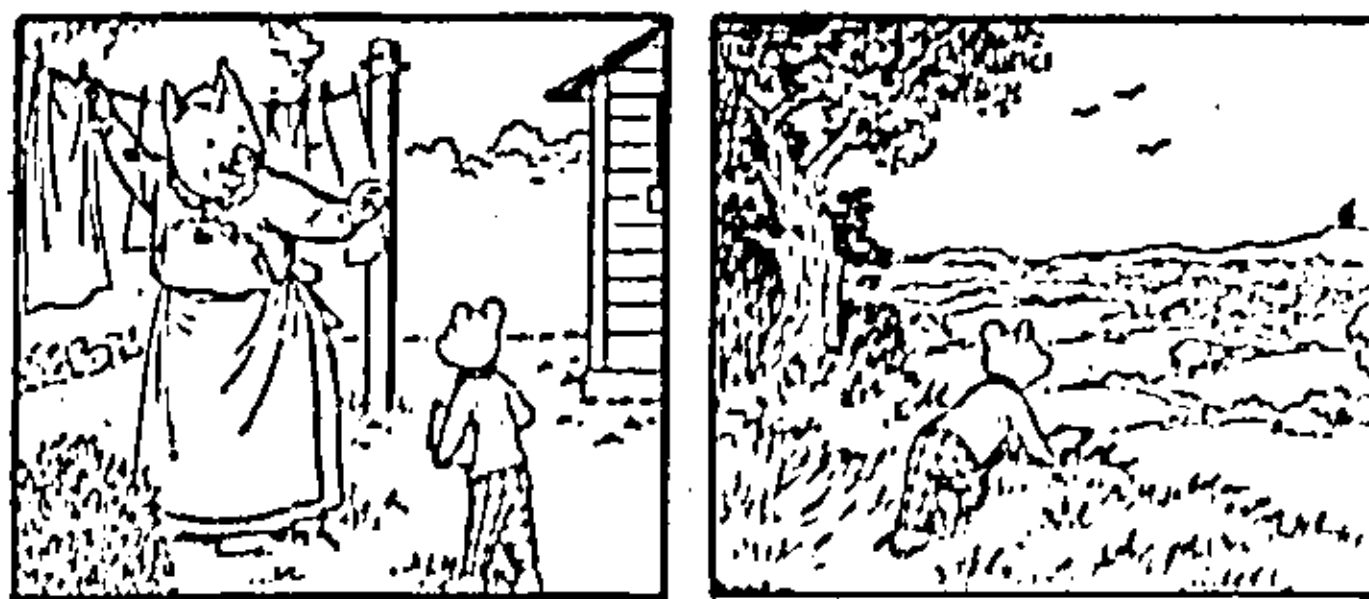


GAMES



JOKES

Rupert and the Sketch Book—8



After making his promise Rupert leaves today and tells Mrs. Pig, "You're going to keep an eye on Rosie? Well, that is kind of you," she cries. "I sent her to the shops this morning, and she was to have come back over the common. She's been a long time, and may have lost her way." So Rupert walks to a high part of the common and gazes around. He has a wide view, and he soon spies a small spot of colour down below. "Yes," he believes that's Rosie, "he murmurs, 'but she certainly seems to be in no hurry to come home. She's sitting on the grass. I must fetch her.'"

Ride A Pink Mule

By Lois Wedel

FROGGY HUNTER pawed through a mass of tissue paper and exclamation towards a rosy gleam in the corner of the cardboard carton. "My pink mule!" he bawled into Harriet Nelson's startled ears. "It's a good thing I found it before I threw it away in this old box!"

Harriet grew as pink as the gaudy glaze job on the ceramic mule. There was a touch of panic at what might have happened to Froggy's most prized art creation.

"What a heel I've been!" Harriet thought with horror. "What a jealous little fiend!" All of a sudden, she wanted to



As he hoisted the pink mule to George, Froggy's fingers lost their grip on the slippery glaze.

get down on the ground and squirm like a worm. Why hadn't she let Nina warn her against herself?

The whole thing began with Miss Phillips's class in ceramic sculpture. Harriet, whose artistic ability had been brilliant since she had her first box of crayons, had pounced with delight upon the new course, and she had urged her pal Nina to signing up too.

"Sure, I'll take the course," Nina had agreed in answer to Harriet's enthusiastic prodding. "But you'll be the shining light in the class as usual."

Then Froggy insisted upon joining the class. At first, Harriet had been merely indulgent. After all, he never had shown a talent for art.

BUT Froggy had thrown himself into the new project with gusto. It had been Froggy's work that Miss Phillips singled out to be put upon the wall. And when Froggy and Harriet were together, and Harriet wanted to boast a little about her own interpretation of the ceramic art, it had been Froggy with his wild, unconventional ideas, who did the talking.

The crusher-blow fell upon Harriet when Froggy created the pink mule.

"Whoever heard of a pink mule?" Harriet had said to Nina. Harriet's efforts had gone into dainty ash trays with yellow roses.

"Shh!" Nina had warned. "Miss Phillips likes it. Just listen to what she's saying!"

What Harriet heard only angered her more. Walking home from school with Nina that afternoon, she had exploded. "That Froggy—with his ceramic mule! He bet he thinks he's some artist!"

"Well, naturally he's proud," Nina had said. "I don't think he's conceited about it, though. Didn't you see how he looked at you when Miss Phillips praised his work? He wanted you to share the glory with him."

"Aha!" Harriet had snapped. "He'll be completely impossible if that pink mule is in the open house exhibit."

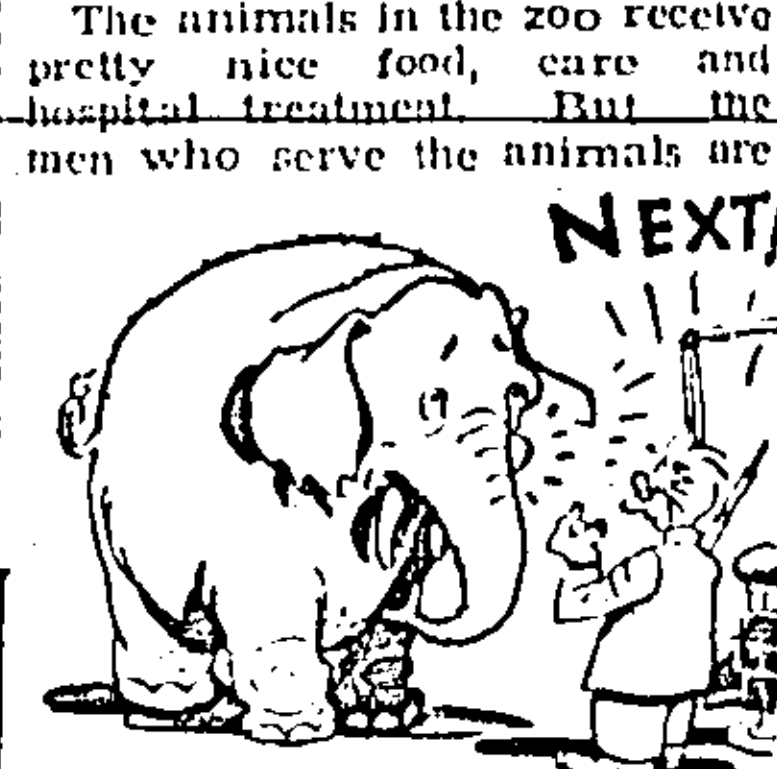
Jumbo's Tooth

By JULIA W. WOLFE

DENTISTS nowadays tell their patients that "it doesn't hurt any more." Or, if it does hurt, filling or extracting a tooth isn't as painful as it was back in the days when Dad and Mother went to see him.

Maybe that's what the keeper told an elephant at the Bronx Zoo in New York City recently, for he endured an operation on a bad tooth with fortitude worthy of his size. And the "dentist" used instruments the size of ice picks.

The animals in the zoo receive pretty nice food, care and hospital treatment. But the men who serve the animals are not so well paid.



experts in all things. In a city of people, wants, needs and sicknesses are all about the corner. But in a zoo, nearly every "family" requires different care.

It's no small job to fill an elephant's tooth. The animal may not understand and be infuriated with pain, may go on a rampage.

Now when I went to school, there wasn't so much homework. I rather expect that the teachers wanted the pupils to learn their lessons. Now, it seems, everything is learned at home—or the lessons are prepared at home. We parents have to do the job!

TEENER TOPICS

By BESS RITTER

It is often interesting for young folk to get an insight into the parental mind, and for this reason we've asked a parent to be guest columnist for us this week.

ACTUALLY, I hate to see September come around because school will start. It's not that I like to have my two little dears around the house all the time. Goodness knows, it keeps me jumping. The thing I dread is the home work.

Secret Code For The Club

AN interesting way to send a message is to write it out in a secret language so that it cannot be translated without the use of a secret grille.

The grille is made from a piece of cardboard any handy size such as three by five inches. This key card is ruled off into about 60 spaces, each space capable of holding one word. A sharp penknife or razor blade is used to cut out some 15 to 20 of the spaces. If you belong to a club and want all the members to be able to read your messages you must prepare a grille card for each member and have one for yourself too.

To write a message, place the grille card over a piece of paper and write one word in each gap of the grille. Lift the grille off and fill in the blank spaces on the paper with a lot of confusing words.

Suppose, for instance, the first line on the message after you take off the grille, looks like this:

MEET-AT-CLUB

You can easily camouflage this by adding a few intermeddiate words, the siller the better. The above line may become:

CAN MEET AT TWO CLUB HAVE COLD

When a member of your club receives a jumbled message from you, all he has to do is to place his copy of the grille over the message and read the spaces that appear in the

paper and write one word in each gap of the grille. Lift the grille off and fill in the blank spaces on the paper with a lot of confusing words.

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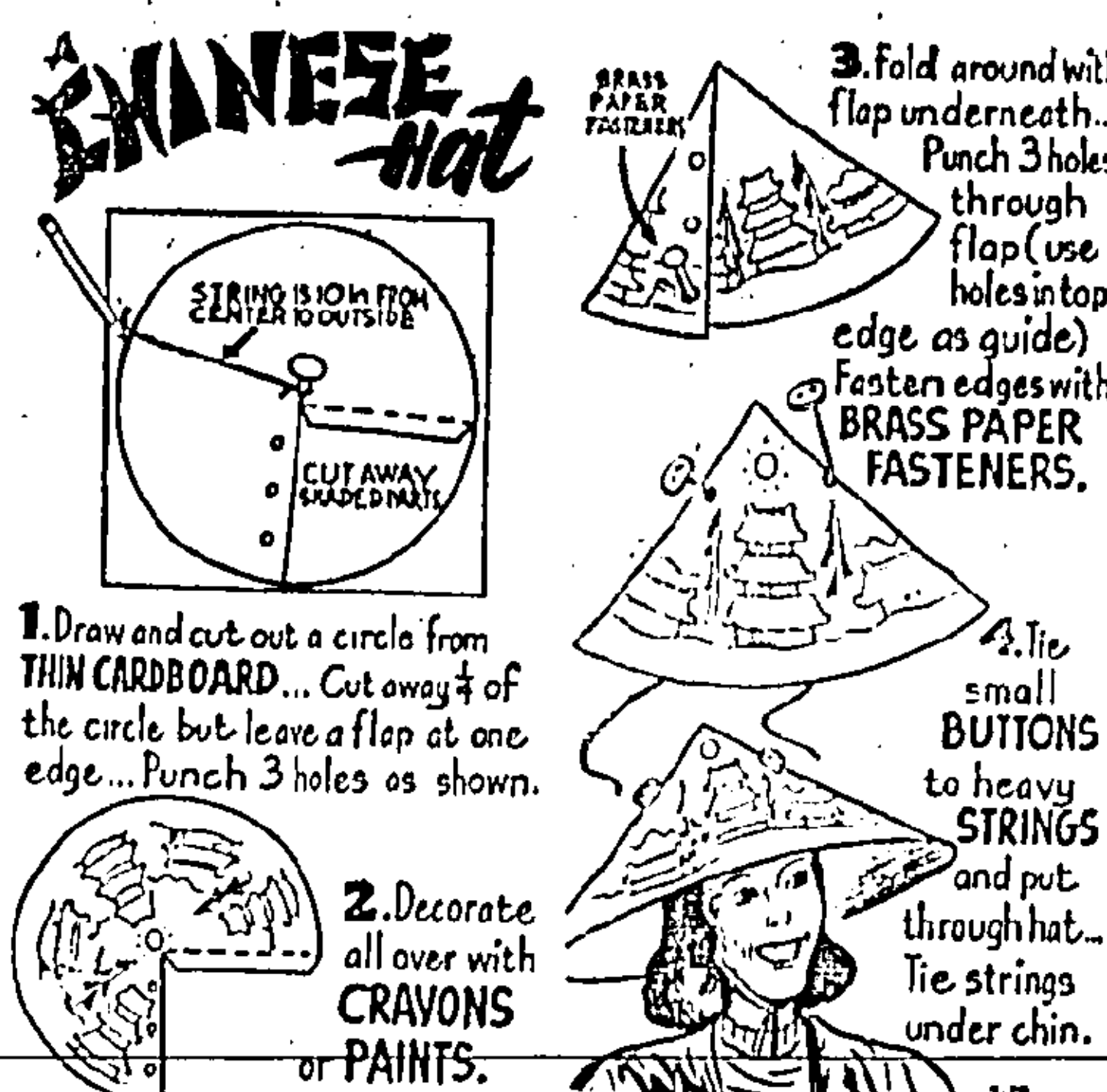
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1. Draw and cut out a circle from THIN CARDBOARD... Cut away 1/2 of the circle but leave a flap at one edge... Punch 3 holes as shown.

2. Decorate all over with CRAVONS or PAINTS.

3. Fold around with flap underneath... Punch 3 holes through flap (use holes in top edge as guide) fasten edges with BRASS PAPER FASTENERS.

4. Use small BUTTONS to heavy STRINGS and put through hat... Tie strings under chin.

'Private Ear' Is Boy's Calling

By RITA BEST

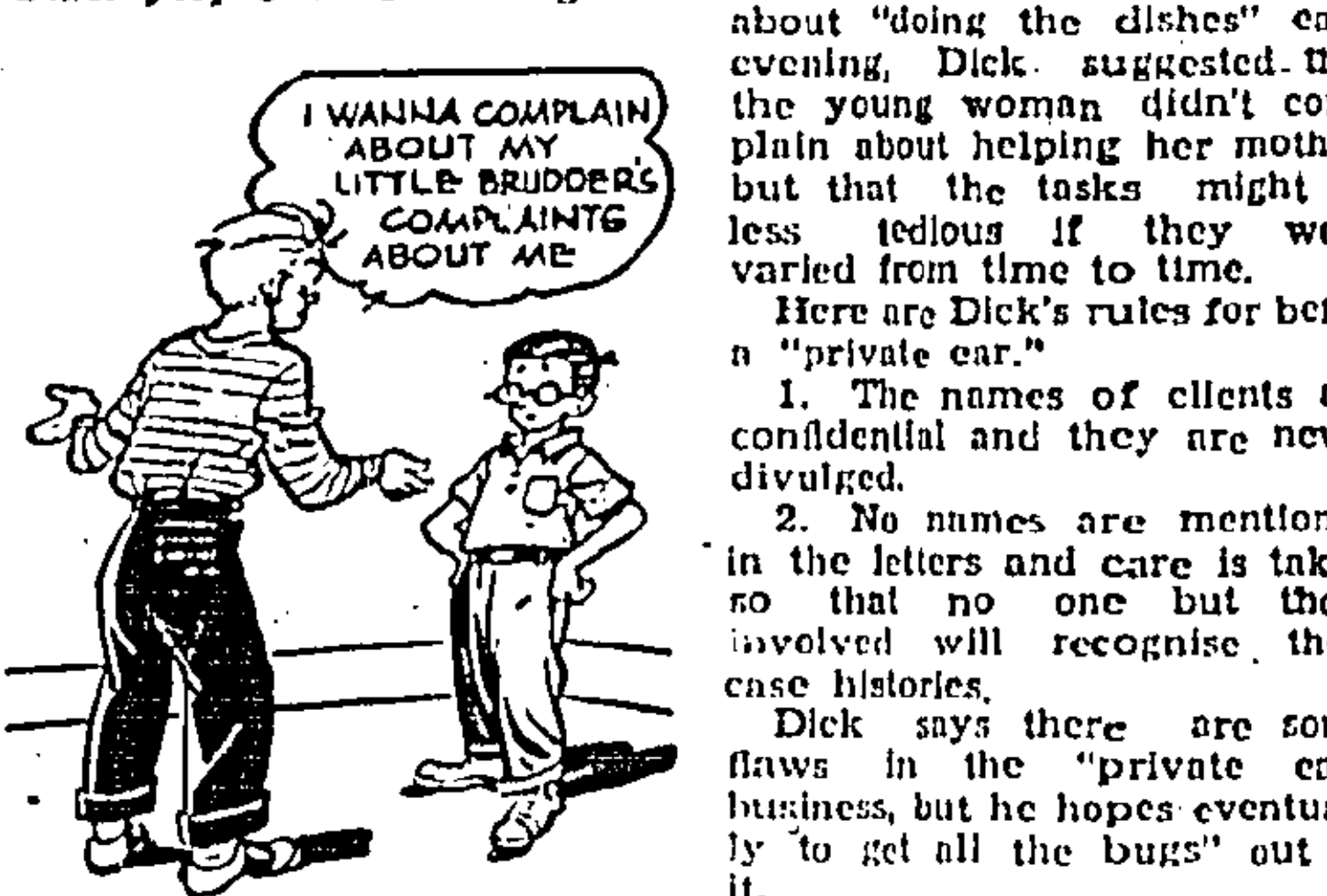
A BOY, given time and incentive, can always find interesting things to do! And here's a boy named Dick who has probably the most unusual "little business" in the world. He's a "private ear."

Dick says his business had its beginnings one day when his friend Ralph complained about his big brother. This big brother, it seemed, was always confiscating Ralph's sporting equipment—ball bats, gloves, and so on.

Let me handle it," said Dick.

That night, Dick wrote a nice and neat, short and sweet letter to Ralph's big brother. He explained Ralph's point of view carefully and showed why Ralph had good reasons to complain. Dick sent the letter the next day.

Ralph's big brother was inclined to be angry at first, but gradually his anger changed to a feeling of embarrassment. Other people were noticing that



1. The names of clients are confidential and they are never divulged.

2. No names are mentioned in the letters and care is taken so that no one but those involved will recognize their case histories.

Dick says there are some flaws in the "private ear" business, but he hopes eventually to get all the bugs" out of it.

PATCH MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S VARIETY BRAIN TEASERS PUZZLE

CROSSWORD

12 Pen point
13 Cleans house
14 Harbour
21 Followers
23 Weight of India
26 One (Scot.)

TRIANGLE

Here's a triangle based on a ROASTER. The second word is "a preposition," the third "an afternoon social event," the fourth belongs to her," the fifth is "a doctrine," and the sixth is "rounded."

ROASTER

WORD SQUARE

After rearranging the letters in each row to form a good word, rearrange the rows of words to form a square:

M S T I O
S S Y A E
R T A E I
D M S E O
D R A E O

1 Journey
2 Arabian prince
3 Father
4 Editors (ab.)
5 Fee
6 Getting up
7 Coloniser
8 Rub out

Pretty Miss Four Eyes

By VIOLET M. ROBERTS

MANY boys and girls need glasses, but because old-fashioned glasses were made more for serving a purpose than for decoration, these young people, especially the girls, shy away from them. But it's no longer smart or wise to go staggering through life when a person needs glasses just because a person is afraid of being nicknamed "Miss Four Eyes." In fact, the extra equipment nowadays adds to a person's looks, rather than detracts from them.

As soon as the doctor prescribes glasses the smart young woman starts an investigation to decide what type of spectacles she shall wear.

She looks herself squarely in the mirror to decide if her face is oval, round, square or oblong. Sometimes it may be better to change her hair-do; for example from a fluffed-out bob to something simpler.

THE modern miss learned long ago not to wear pin stripes if she is tall, or square necklines when she has a round, balloon-

shaped face. Naturally, a girl will use this knowledge to help her select her new eye-glasses. If she goes to the optometrist without any advance knowledge, she'll find that the many, many different shapes and styles in frames will only confuse her.

1. The owner of a round face should not select round frames. This only adds to the full-moon appearance of the broad cheeks. Rather, let the shape of the eye orbit be the guide for the best and most becoming fit.

2. The long face avoids the arched bridge, for this makes the nose seem longer. Hence, the face looks longer. Choose deep wide lenses with straight, low bridge and centre bows.

3. The square-faced girl which selects those fascinating eight-sided lenses is in for trouble. Her face will become a perfect square with four 90-degree angles. Choose instead, lenses which parallel the brow narrower towards the bottom. Bows should stem out from the top of the frames.

4. If features are large, select lenses that follow brow line. Frames should be rimless. Dainty features should pass up novelty frames with glistering gems.

So, if you need glasses, wear them. They are becoming!

Teddy and the Daisy Petals

By MAX TRELL

"SHE loves me... she loves me not," Teddy the Stuffed Bear says as he plucks the petals, one by one, off the daisy. "She loves me... she loves me not."

"Who loves you or loves you not?" General Tin, the tin soldier, asked. He was standing next to Teddy, and had been listening for quite a while.

Teddy said: "I don't know. Does it have to be anybody?"

"Certainly it has to be anybody! How can you go on saying 'She loves me, she loves me not'—unless it's anybody?"

"That's right," said General Tin. "I never thought of that!"

"Silly bear," said General Tin. "Haven't you any brains at all?"

Stuffed with Cotton

"I guess I haven't," admitted Teddy. "I'm all stuffed with cotton. I don't think I ever got any brains."

Just then Harriet and Knarf, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, came into the room. General Tin told them about Teddy. "He keeps plucking petals off a daisy and saying, 'She loves me, she loves me not.' And he doesn't know who loves him, or who doesn't. It just shows he has no brain!"

Harriet said: "Why I love you Teddy! Do you mean me?"

Teddy shook his head.

"Or me?" said Mary-Jane, the rag-doll, who was sitting on the other side of Teddy. "I love you, too."

Judy, who was Mr. Punch's wife, looked out of the door of the little playhouse where she lived and said sweetly: "No one loves you as much as I do, Teddy! Do you mean me?"

Teddy kept shaking his head. "It must be someone else," he said. "I know Harriet and Mary-Jane and Judy all love me very much. I'm glad that they do."

"I know who it is!" Knarf suddenly exclaimed.

Everybody looked at him. "Who?" asked General Tin.

"It's a little Betty-bear. Maybe it's the one who lives across the street!"

Teddy smiled. "Yes," he said, "that must be the one. I don't know whether she loves me or not, I've never even spoken to her."

It was the next day that Teddy plucked the petals off another daisy. But this time he didn't take any chances on the daisy being wrong. He said, "She loves me, she loves me not. And, of course, the daisy was right!"

Must Be Wrong

All of Teddy's friends felt very about this. "It's not so," said Knarf. "Two daisy must be wrong!"

But Harriet said: "No—the daisy is right! But there isn't anything to be sad about, Teddy! How can Betty-bear love you when she doesn't even know you—and you don't even know her?"

This seemed to be very sensible. General Tin glanced out of the window. "There she is now! She's sitting on the garden wall! We'll settle his matter right now!"

So General Tin marched Teddy out into the garden where little Betty-bear was sitting. A few minutes later Teddy was sitting next to her.

It was the next day that Teddy plucked the petals off another daisy. But this time he didn't take any chances on the daisy being wrong. He said, "She loves me, she loves me not. And, of course, the daisy was right!"

Answers

CROSSWORD:

TRIANGLE:

WORD SQUARE:

RIDDLES:

1. When does a leopard change his spots?
2. What did the calf say to the silo?
3. What has eight legs and sings?
4. What trade did Jack Horner follow when he grew up?
5. What does even the smartest man overlook?

Answers:

1. Never
2. He said "moo"
3. A rooster
4. Toy making
5. His own shadow

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SPARE MOMENTS PAGE

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Simple Play Nets Startling Results

By OSWALD JACOBY

"I DON'T agree with you at all," said Larceny Lou. "You don't have to make complicated plays to get unusual results. Very often the simplest play in the world will get you a very startling score." Bridge players always listen to Larceny Lou's stories. It's hard to get him to tell one, but when he breaks down, he usually tells a good one.

"For example," continued Lou, "take a hand I played in the Winter Championships of 1948. The bidding wasn't very good, perhaps, since six hearts would have been much safer. However, practically everybody played it at six no trump to cash in on the higher trick value of a no trump contract.

"I had the West cards, and I opened the king of diamonds. Dummy won with the ace, and declarer then led a club to his ace. On this trick I dropped the jack of clubs.

♠ Q754	15		
♥ A J 1003			
♦ A 3			
♣ Q			
♠ J 1003		♠ Q 874	
♥ 2		♥ Q 85	
♦ K Q 106		♦ 42	
♣ J 104		♣ 72	
(DEALER)			
♠ A K 9			
♥ K A 5			
♦ A K Q 5 3			
♣ 7			
Both vul.			
South	West	North	East
1♠	Pass	1♥	Pass
3♠	Pass	3♥	Pass
4♥	Pass	5♦	Pass
6N.T.	Pass	6N.T.	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♦ K			

"There wasn't anything to this play, of course. It's certainly not a complicated play—it's just a feeble attempt to deceive declarer. However, I couldn't think of anything better—and the play couldn't cost anything. For a simple play, it certainly had a remarkable effect.

"South started at me for a long time, trying to decide if my play had been honest. He finally decided to gather some additional information to help him make up his mind. He therefore laid down the ace and king of spades.

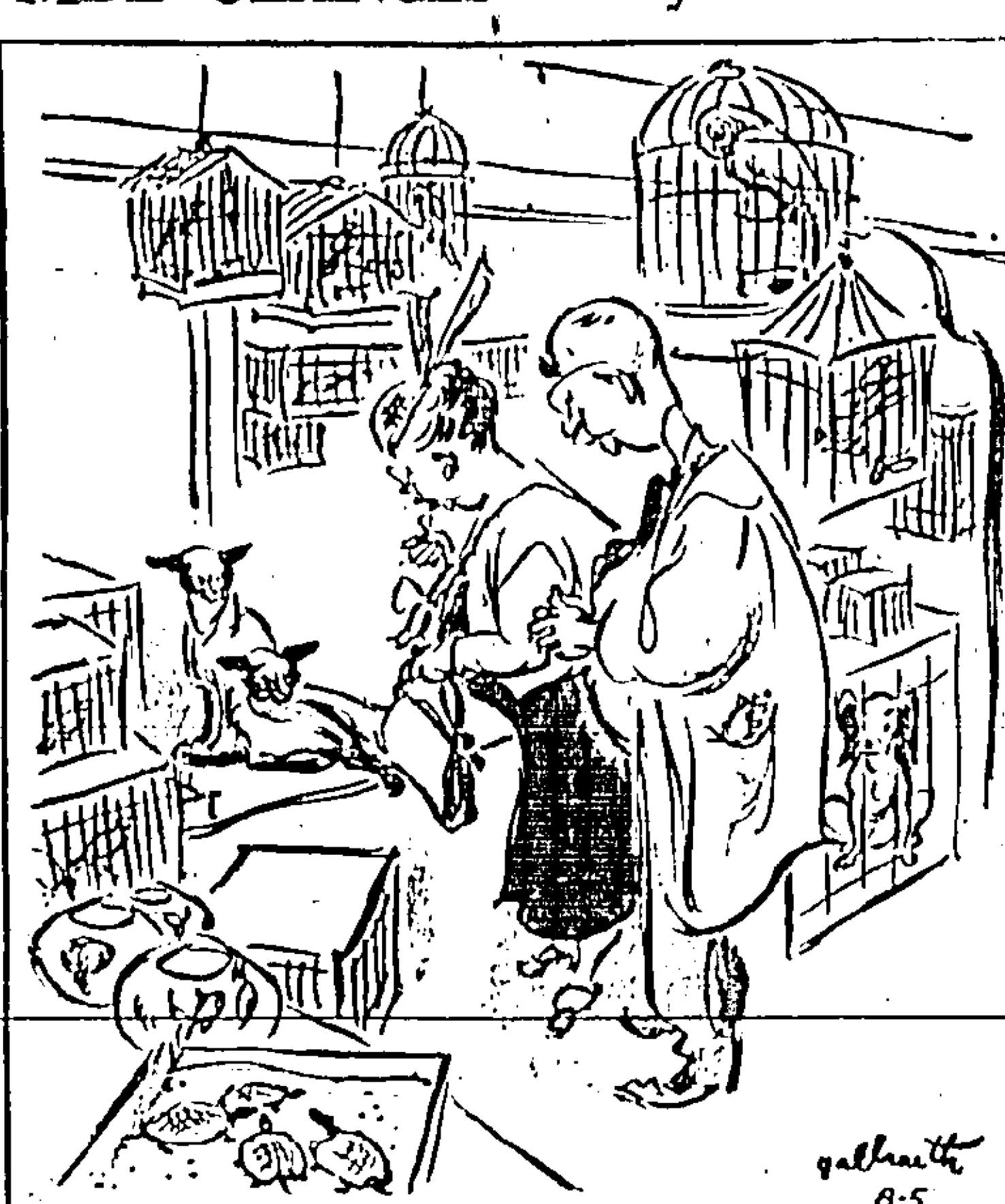
"As you can see, my partner showed out on the second round of spades. (He discarded a heart.) Since this marked me with five spades and since I had opened a presumably long diamond suit, South thought I quite likely had a honest play. He couldn't tell that my real short suit was hearts rather than clubs.

"South therefore led a heart to dummy's ace and returned a club from dummy. When he jettisoned the nine of clubs from his hand, I won with the ten of clubs. We then took five diamond tricks, setting the claim 600 points.

"Now I don't know about you fellows, but I myself don't expect to set a claim contract five tricks. Not when that claim has been bid by a good player. And that unusual result was brought about by a very simple play. I'm sure you'll agree that there is nothing remarkable about dropping the jack of clubs."

Larceny Lou was quite right, of course. There was nothing complicated about dropping the jack of clubs, but it is the sort of play that we often forget to make. If Lou had dropped a small club on the first trick, declarer would have had no choice. He would have made his slam instead of going down five! The difference is very nearly 2,000 points!

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"They're beautiful cats, all right, but I don't think they'd approve of my husband!"

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

THEY say that Roland Dorjeles must have been to a certain exhibition of sculpture in London. Dorjeles once picked up a bit of stone in a friend's studio, and left it in the Gallery of Antiquities in the Louvre.

It was said Dorjeles who tied a paint-brush to a donkey's tail

and pushed the tail against a canvas. The ensuing "picture" was exhibited at the Independent show in Paris under the title "Et le rôle se couche sur l'Adriatique." It was signed "Joachim Raphael Aliboron," and thus the donkey, whose name was Lolo, and who belonged to Frode of the "Lapin Agile," stepped into the forefront of modern art. But in three days young men played the fool for fun.

Marginal note

THE youngest who smashed this way into a film-star's house, to ask for her autograph, little thinks that he may have been the means of inducing actresses to learn to write, merely as a measure of self-defence.

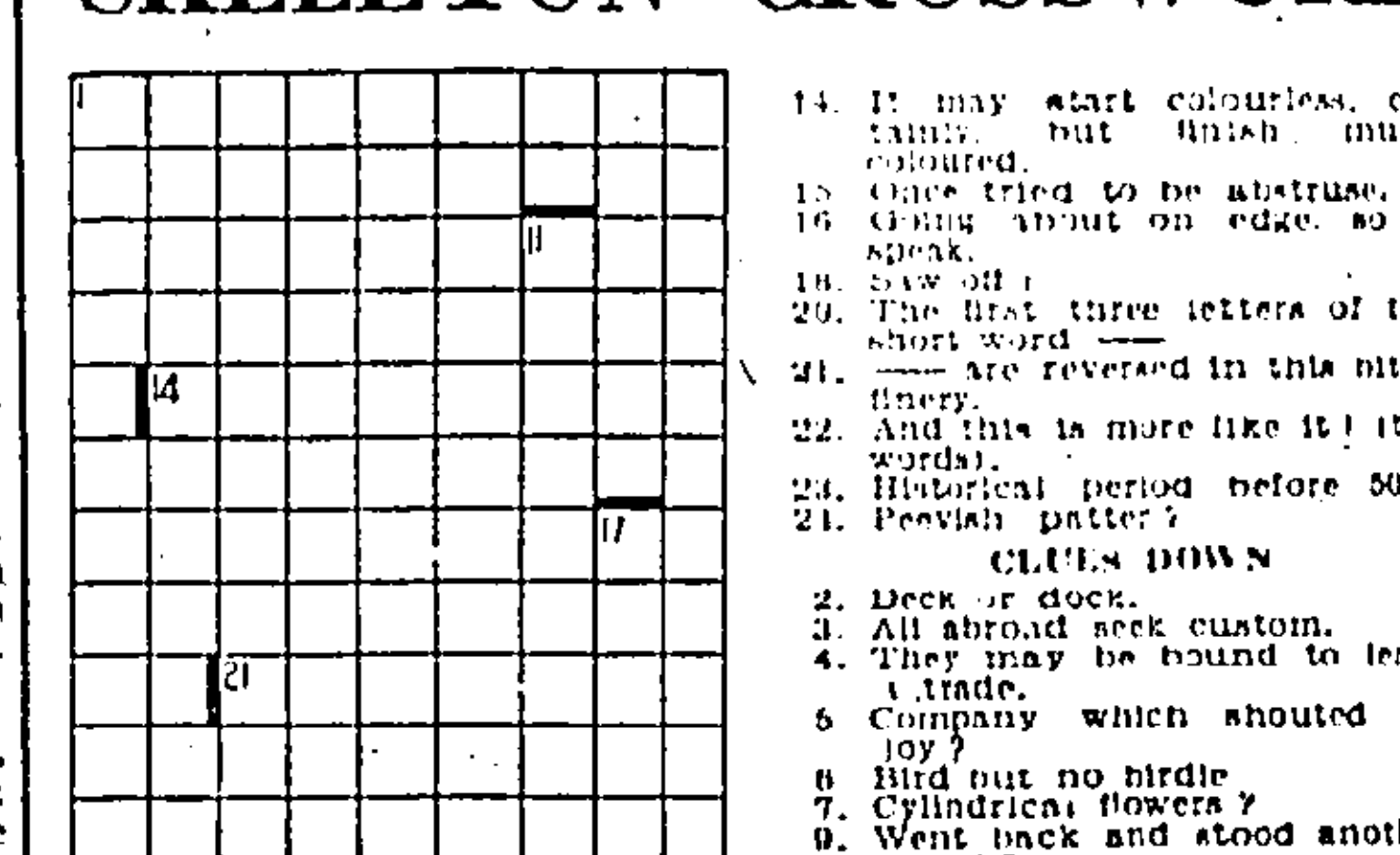
Baba Blacksheep dines out

NOTE a new form of gossip. Instead of saying, "She was looking very fit; her mother was a Bulwer," you describe in detail what she ate, what she said, how often she smiled and so on. Presumably the chronicler is standing by the table, typewriter in hand.

With her sole she had a potato, of which she ate two mouthfuls, pushing the rest to the side of her plate with her fork. She wiped her mouth after one rather large mouthful of sole, following it up with a piece of roast, which she broke off between the finger and thumb of her left hand, and opening her mouth to put it in. She then swallowed it, and took another mouthful of sole. Then she scratched her left leg.....

(Solution on this page)

SKELETON CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN
1. Dot in touch need save a performance finally.
2. Patriotic number.
3. Hamper's is famous.
4. This cargo is human.
5. Decamp with some cloth.
6. Plug part of one's footwear.

(Solution on this page)

YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

If you are born on this first day of the sign, Libra, you will retain some of the characteristics of the outgoing sign, Virgo. This is an exceptionally interesting combination, for you will have the attributes of the Judge, statesman and ruler combined with those of the helpful critic. Your ruler is Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, and if you wish you might aspire to and reach exceptional success in the arts.

You have an unusual mind which combines intuition with logic. You seem to be able to fathom almost impossible intricacies of motivation and, since you are tactful, you are excellent at handling people of all types.

Your powers of observation are keen and you seem to be able to absorb knowledge as readily as a sponge absorbs water. What is

more, you are able to retain it for future use. You would probably do well in research, for you have the patience to take care of infinite detail.

You are kind, thoughtful, helpful and attentive to those you love and admire. But you like to have a certain portion of your life to yourself and will never want to surrender your independence of thought and action.

With the proper selection of a life partner, you can have exceptional happiness. Select someone of similar tastes and talents.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Be friendly to others and you will find the social aspects of the day are especially pleasant.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This is a good day to rest and relax. Tact and diplomacy are best.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Don't let yourself get caught between two dissenting opinions. Stay clear of all arguments today.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—If confused, seek spiritual advice. Your intuitions should guide you correctly in an emergency.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Avoid emotional upsets, for these can cause a misunderstanding even between the very best of friends.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—There is discord in the air. If possible postpone a journey until some other day.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Don't be impatient with others. This just isn't a top-drawer day; so be careful what you do.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Pay attention to your health. Some restful recreation could recharge your energy; revive ambitions.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Keep your moods and temperaments well under control today. Any display of temper can ruin something important.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Think before you speak. Don't make promises. Important matters should wait.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Misunderstanding may arise unless you are careful to be polite and tactful. Peace at any price!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Hold to familiar duties today. Don't attempt the unusual or you may get unusual results!

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CHURCH NOTICES

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL

HONG KONG

24th September, 16th Sunday after Trinity.

Holy Communion at 8 a.m., 9 a.m., 10 a.m., 11 a.m., 12 noon, 1 p.m., 2 p.m., 3 p.m., 4 p.m., 5 p.m., 6 p.m., 7 p.m., 8 p.m., 9 p.m., 10 p.m., 11 p.m., 12 midnight.

Children's Service (in Cathedral Hall).

10 a.m. Matins & Sermon. Preacher: The Rev. The Bishop (Benedict).

11 a.m. Evensong & Sermon. Preacher: The Rev. The Bishop.

12 noon. Choir Practice at 430 p.m.

Thursday, Holy Communion in Cathedral at 8 a.m.

Friday, St. Michael & All Angels' Day. Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m.; Choir Practice at 8.30 p.m.

Every Sunday, Holy Communion in St. Stephen's College Chapel, Stanley at 8 a.m.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

Opposite Whitefield Barracks (Nathan Road, Kowloon).

SUNDAY, 24th Sept. 1950. SIXTEENTH SUNDAY

8 a.m. Holy Communion. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

11 a.m. Morning Prayer & Sermon. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

5 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

Next Sunday, October 1st, the Sunday School will be re-opened. The St. Andrew's Church Hall at 9.45 a.m. when all interested will be made welcome.

10 a.m. Women's Guild. In Vicarage.

4 p.m. Sunday School. Tea in Vicarage.

Wednesday, 27th Sept. 1950.

7.15 a.m. Holy Communion. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8.30 a.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

4.30 p.m. Church Council. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

7.30 p.m. Choir Practice. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8.00 p.m. Entertainment of H.M. Forces. Refreshments.

Friday, 29th Sept. 1950.

7.15 a.m. Holy Communion (St. Michael & All Angels' Day). Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8.30 a.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

4.30 p.m. Church Council. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

7.30 p.m. Choir Practice. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8.00 p.m. Entertainment of H.M. Forces. Refreshments.

Saturday, 30th Sept. 1950.

2.00 p.m. Forces Excursion. Bathing and Refreshments.

CHRIST CHURCH

(Kowloon Tong)

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. Preacher: The Rev. D. Crater.

10.00 a.m. Matins. Rev. D. Crater.

11.30 a.m. Mandarin Service.

H. M. DOCKYARD CHURCH

HOLY TRINITY

Tel. 2011 ext. 11

SUNDAY, 24th Sept. 1950. SIXTEENTH SUNDAY

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

10.00 a.m. Morning Prayer & Sermon. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

11.30 a.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

5.00 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8.00 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

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4.30 p.m. Church Council. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

7.30 p.m. Choir Practice. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8.00 p.m. Entertainment of H.M. Forces. Refreshments.

Saturday, 30th Sept. 1950.

2.00 p.m. Forces Excursion. Bathing and Refreshments.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH

(Mission to Seamen)

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

10.00 a.m. Matins. Rev. D. Crater.

11.30 a.m. Mandarin Service.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES

SUNDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER, SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

10.00 a.m. Morning Prayer & Sermon. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

11.30 a.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

5.00 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

8.00 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie.

Next Sunday, October 1st, the Sunday School will be re-opened. The St. Andrew's Church Hall at 9.45 a.m. when all interested will be made welcome.

10 a.m. Women's Guild. In Vicarage.

4 p.m. Sunday School. Tea in Vicarage.

Wednesday, 27th Sept. 1950.

